

THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING & DRAMATIC NEWS

No. 267.—VOL. X.

SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1879.

[REGISTERED FOR
TRANSMISSION ABROAD.]

PRICE SIXPENCE.
By Post 6^d.



MADAME VANZINI, OF THE CARL ROSA OPERA COMPANY.

RAILWAYS.

CROYDON STEEPLECHASES.

MARCH 11th, 12th and 13th.

SPECIAL CHEAP TRAINS TO NORWOOD JUNCTION STATION for the COURSE, as under:—
 VICTORIA—10.15, 11.0, and 11.20 a.m., and 1.25 p.m.
 KENSINGTON—9.30 and 10.55 a.m., and 12.15 p.m.
 LONDON BRIDGE (Brighton Railway)—10.15, 10.50, and 11.15 a.m., and 12.10 and 1.0 p.m., calling at New Cross.
 LIVERPOOL STREET (City)—11.15 a.m. and 12.55 p.m.
 WHITECHAPEL (High Street)—11.20 a.m. and 1.0 p.m., calling at Shadwell, Wapping, and Rotherhithe.
 (By order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

SOUTH-EASTERN RAILWAY.

CROYDON STEEPLECHASES, MARCH 11th, 12th and 13th.

SPECIAL TRAINS TO WOODSIDE (the nearest Station to the Course).
 1st and 3rd Class
 Leaving a.m. noon p.m. p.m. p.m.
 Charing Cross ... at 11.50 ... 12.10 ... 12.30
 Waterloo ... at 11.52 ... 12.12 ... 12.34
 Cannon Street ... at 12.0 ... 12.30
 London Bridge ... at 12.0 ... 12.35
 New Cross ... at 12.7 ... 12.10
 JOHN SHAW, Manager and Secretary.

MIDLAND RAILWAY.

DERBY SPRING RACES.
 GRAND NATIONAL HUNT STEEPLECHASES,
 MARCH 14th and 15th, 1879.

The Midland Railway Company's Express and Fast Trains between London and Derby run as follows:—
 a.m. a.m. noon p.m. p.m. p.m. night.
 London (St. Pancras) dep. 5.15 8.0 10.0 12.0 3.30 5.0 8.30 12.0
 Derby ... arr. 8.15 12.11 1.9 3.7 6.34 8.8 12.10 3.19
 a.m. a.m. p.m. p.m. p.m. p.m. night.
 Derby ... dep. 8.37 11.38 1.5 2.50 3.25 5.10 6.15 12.50
 London (St. Pancras) arr. 11.50 2.55 4.15 5.50 6.45 8.15 9.45 4.15
 Third Class by all Trains
 Cheap Excursion Trains will be run to Derby on March 14th and 15th, from Rotherham, Sheffield, Chesterfield, Birmingham, Tamworth, &c., and on March 14th only from Bradford, Leeds, Manchester, Lincoln, Newark, Peterboro', Stamford, Melton, Northampton, Wellingboro', Kettering, Market Harborough, Leicester, &c. For particulars, see bills.
 Derby, March, 1879. JAMES ALLPORT, General Manager.

BOMBAY.—ANCHOR LINE: DIRECT

ROUTE TO INDIA.
 FORTNIGHTLY SAILINGS. First Class Passenger Steamers fitted up expressly for the trade. Qualified Surgeons and Stewards carried.
 From Glasgow. From Liverpool.
 SIDONIAN ... Sailed ... Sailed.
 TRINACRIA ... Saturday, March 8 ... Saturday, March 1
 ANGLIA ... Saturday, March 22 ... Saturday, March 29.
 First Class, 45 Guineas. Sail punctually as advertised. Apply for berths or handbooks to Henderson Brothers, Union Street, Glasgow, and 17, Water Street, Liverpool; J. W. Jones, Chapel Walk, Manchester; Grindlay and Co., 55, Parliament Street, S.W.; or to Henderson Brothers, 19, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.

MYERS' HIPPODROME, AGRICULTURAL HALL.—Largest Company on earth. 200 Horses, 50 Ponies, Troupe of Elephants, Den of Performing Lions, Camels, and Dromedaries. TWICE DAILY, 2.30 and 7.30.

MYERS' GREAT AMERICAN CIRCUS
 and HIPPODROME, AGRICULTURAL HALL.—500 artists. Derby and St. Leger races by lady riders. Steeplechases and hurdle races. Cooper's trained elephants and lions. Grand Japanese Fair and Ballet. All star artists. 12 clowns. Hall decorated by Legg of Birmingham. Harness fittings by Marshall and Hatch. No draughts. Hall thoroughly warmed. Special arrangements for schools. Children under 10 half-price. Open twice daily. Every morning at 2.30, and every evening at 7.30. Tickets of all London agents, and at Box-office, Agricultural Hall. Admission 3s., 2s., 1s.

GREAT AND SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS.

ENTIRE CHANGE OF PROGRAMME.

BLONDIN, IMMENSE SUCCESS.

LA, LA, her First Appearance in London.

ROYAL AQUARIUM, WESTMINSTER.

The Royal Aquarium, for variety, novelty, and excellence of its entertainments, surpasses all other rival establishments.
 Open at 11.
 Admission One Shilling.
 11 to 1 o'clock and throughout the day, Ajeeb, the original Automaton Chess Player; the Nautilus Boat; Memnon, the Comical Sphinx; Cosmorama Views; the Performing Fleas; the Aquarium (finest in the world); the Articulating Telephone and Microphone; Barnard's Puppets; Manatee, the Mermaid, now on view, Admission 1s.
 3.15. Concert by the Royal Aquarium Orchestra.
 3.30 and 8.15. Renowned Variety Entertainment. The Martinetti Troupe in Grand Ballet, Robert Macaire; Royal Tycoon; Japanese Troupe; the Brothers Dare; Townsend and Graham; Pongo; Carl Lind; La, La, and Blondin.
 6.0. Toby, the seal, will go through his performance in the large seal tank.
 6.30. Recital on the Great Organ by Mr. W. H. Handley.
 7.30. Grand Vocal and Instrumental Concert. Vocalists—Mdm. Frances Hodson and Mr. James Sauvage.
 Afternoon Theatre, Royal Aquarium.—Miss Litton has the honour to announce that this Theatre, entirely redecorated, is now open under her management. Every day, at three precisely, revival of Goldsmith's comedy SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER. The new scenery by Mr. Perkins. On this occasion Mrs. Stirling will enact Mrs. Hardcastle; Miss Meyrick, Miss Neville; and Miss Litton, Miss Hardcastle; Mr. W. Farren, Young Marlow; Mr. J. Ryder, Mr. Hardcastle; Mr. E. F. Edgar, Hastings; Mr. J. Fawn, Diggory; and Mr. Lionel Brough, Tony Lumpkin; supported by full company by kind permission of their respective managers. Miss Litton trusts to merit the same kind patronage in her present venture that the public have accorded her in her previous managements. Box-office open from 11 a.m. till 5; seats may also be secured at the libraries. Stalls, 7s.; dress circle, 5s.; boxes, 3s.; pit, 2s.; gallery, 1s.

BRIGHTON GRAND AQUARIUM.—Now on View, a fine PORPOISE. The only living specimen in captivity. Sea Lions, with young one. Alligators and Crocodiles in their new cavern. Living Birds, and by far the largest collection of fishes in the world. New Terrace Garden and Promenade, the most elegant in the Kingdom.—G. REEVES SMITH, General Manager

SPECIAL NOTICE.

ORIGINAL PICTURES, DRAWINGS & SKETCHES,

BY ARTISTS OF THE

ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS,

NOW ON VIEW AND FOR SALE,

IN

THE GALLERY,

ATTACHED TO THE OFFICES,

148, STRAND, LONDON.

ADMISSION FREE.

THEATRES.

THEATRE ROYAL HAYMARKET.

Engagement of Mr. Sothorn previous to his departure for America, who will appear every evening at 8.20 as David Garrick; and on Saturday Mornings, at 2.30, as Lord Dundreary. Mr. Sothorn's stay cannot be prolonged after April 5th.

LYCEUM.—MR. HENRY IRVING, Sole Lessee and Manager.—Every Evening, at Half-past Seven, Shakespeare's Tragedy of HAMLET. Mr. Irving, Messrs. Forrester, C. Cooper, F. Cooper, Swinbourne, Elwood, Piner, K. Bellow, Gibson, Tapping, Robinson, Cartwright, Collett, Harwood, Beaumont, Everard, Johnson, A. Andrews, Mead, Miss Pauncefort, Miss Sedley, and Miss Ellen Terry. Stage Manager, Mr. H. J. Loveday. Acting Manager, Mr. Bram Stoker. Box-office open 10 to 5. Carriages at 11.

DUKE'S THEATRE, HOLBORN.

Managers.—HOLT and WILMOT.
 NEW BABYLON, by Paul Meritt.—"A thorough triumph."—Every one should see Tattersall's, Cremorne, Goodwood, and the Collision at Sea. Miss Caroline Hill and double company. Magnificent scenery by Thomas Rogers. Free list entirely suspended. Three extra rows of Stalls have been added in order to meet the demands of the public. Acting Manager, Mr. J. W. Curran.

OPERA COMIQUE.

H.M.S. PINAFOR.—Every evening, this successful nautical opera, by W. S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan, by the original artists; Messrs. G. Grossmith, R. Barrington, R. Temple, Clifton, and G. Power; Mesdames E. Howson, Everard, and Jessie Bond, at 8.30. Conductor, Mr. Alfred Cellier. Preceded, at 7.45, by CUPS AND SAUCERS. Mr. G. Grossmith, and followed by the new Vaudeville, AFTER ALL, by F. Desprez, music by A. Cellier. Morning Performance every Saturday at 2.30.—R. D'Oyly Carte, Manager.

FOLLY THEATRE.

LAST SIX NIGHTS OF THE SEASON.
 LAST SIX NIGHTS OF THE PRESENT MANAGEMENT.
 LAST SIX NIGHTS OF Miss LYDIA THOMPSON and the Entire Company previous to the Theatre passing into the hands of Madame Dolaro.
 Last Week, at 7.30, TWO TO ONE. At 8.15, MAN IS NOT PERFECT. At 9.15, the burlesque of CARMEN, OR SO! D FOR A SONG. Supported by Miss Lydia Thompson, Misses Praeger, Duncan, Blande, Coote; Messrs. Lionel Brough, Howson, and Giddens.
 NOTICE.—SATURDAY next, March 15, will be the Last Night of the Present Season.—Acting Manager, Mr. J. C. Scanlan.

ROYAL COURT THEATRE.

Mr. HARE, Lessee and Manager.
 Every Evening, at 7.45, A SCRAP OF PAPER.
 Mrs. W. H. Kendal, Mrs. Gaston Murray, Miss Kate Pattison, Miss C. Graham, Miss Cowie; Mr. W. H. Kendal, Mr. T. N. Wenman, Mr. Mackintosh, Mr. R. Cathcart, Mr. W. Younger, Mr. Chevalier. At 10.15, A QUIET RUBBER. Mr. Hare, Mr. T. N. Wenman, Mr. Herbert; Miss M. Cathcart. Doors open at 7.15. Acting-Manager, Mr. Huy.
 SATURDAY MORNING, March 8th, LADIES' BATTLE, after which COUSIN DICK. Doors open at 2 o'clock.

GAIETY THEATRE, STRAND.—Great

Success of Byron's new farcical piece, UNCLE, at 7.30. Revival for a few nights of Byron's celebrated Burlesque THE BOHEMIAN G'YULU. Open 6.30. Begin 7.30, with Operetta. Close 11. Prices from 6d. No Fees. Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD. Afternoon Performances every Saturday, 2 to 5.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

Manager, Mr. WALTER GOOCH.
 Grand revival (6th night) of Charles Reade's IT'S NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND. Every evening at 7.45. Free list suspended. Preceded by FAMILY JARS, at 7.

CRITERION THEATRE.

Lessee and Manager, Mr. CHARLES WYNHAM.
 Every Evening, at 9, the enormously successful new comedy, TRUTH, by Bronson Howard, in which Mr. Charles Wyndham will appear, supported by Messrs. H. Standing, Carton, and W. J. Hill; Mesdames L. Vining, M. Rorke, R. Norwood, F. Vining, R. Egan, F. Lee, and Mrs. Stephens. Preceded at 8 by THE WALL OF CHINA, and at 8.30 by ORANGE BLOSSOMS. Supported by Messrs. Carton, Francis, and Tritton; Mesdames Hewitt, Hilton, and Edgeworth. New scenery by Ryan. Musical Director, Mr. E. Solomon. Box-office open from 10 till 5. No booking fees.—Acting Manager and Treasurer, Mr. H. J. Hitchins.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.—Last

weeks of OUR BOYS. Every Evening, at 7.30, ONCE AGAIN; at 8, the most successful comedy, OUR BOYS, written by H. J. Byron (1,330th and following nights). Concluding with A HIGHLAND FLING. Supported by Messrs. William Farren, Thomas Thorne, Garthorne, Bradbury, Austin, Hargreaves, and David James; Mesdames Illington, Bishop, Holme, Richards, Larkin, &c. Acting-Manager, Mr. D. McKav.

ADELPHI THEATRE.—Proprietor, B.

Webster. Lessees and Managers, A. and S. Gatti.—Every Evening at 7.45, THE CRIMSON CROSS; Miss Neilson, Mr. H. Neville, Mr. H. Vezin; Messrs. Flockton, Forbes Robertson, Ashley, Markby, Pateman, George; Mesdames H. Coveney, C. Jecks, Compton, &c. At 7, WHO SPEAKS FIRST? Miss Lydia Foote. No booking fees.

ALHAMBRA THEATRE.—

LA POULE AUX ŒUFS D'OR.—EVERY EVENING Mesdames Emily Soldene, C. Vesey, and Constance Loseby; Messrs. Knight Aston, A. Cook, L. Kelleher, C. Power, Mat Robson, and E. Righton. The Girards, M. Bruet and Mdlle. Reviere, the celebrated Buffo Duetists. Three Grand Ballets. Mdlles. Pertoldi, Gellert, Rosa, Imra Rokob, and Signora Malvena Canallazzi (her first appearance here). Prices from 6d. to £2 12s. 6d. Commence at 7.30. Twelfth Week.

NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE,

Bishopsgate.
 Proprietors and Managers, Messrs. JOHN and RICHARD DOUGLASS.
 Production of the great Adelphi drama, PROOF, with Miss Bella Pateman in her original character of Adrienne and also Madeleine. Mr. McIntyre as Pierre. Powerful company, scenery, and dresses. Monday, March 10th, at 7.15, the Adelphi drama, PROOF. Madeleine and Adrienne, Miss Bella Pateman; Pierre, Mr. McIntyre. Mesdames R. de Solla, Page, Neville, Rayner, Goward; Messrs. Walton, Percival, Chamberlain, Clarke, Gardiner, Vincent, Isaacson, &c. Conclude with a favourite farce.

BRITANNIA THEATRE, Hoxton.—Sole Pro-

prietress, Mrs. S. Lane.—Every Evening at 6.45, Grand and Successful Pantomime, THE MAGIC MULE; OR, THE ASS'S SKIN AND THE PRINCESS TO WIN. Mrs. S. Lane, Mdlles. Polly Randall, J. Summers, Luna, Stella Ada, Sidney, L. Rayner, Newham, Pettifer; Messrs. Fred Foster, Bigwood, Lewis, Hyde, Keeves, Rickett, Wilson, Tom Lovell. Concluding with A LEGEND OF WEHRENDORF. Messrs. J. Reynolds, Newbound, Rhoys, Drayton, Johnson Towers; Mdlles. Adams, Bellair, Brewer.

THE CANTERBURY THEATRE OF

VARIETIES.
 TRA ALGAR.
 The Victory at Sea. Moorish Dagger Ballet at Gibraltar. The West Indies. Jack ashore at Portsmouth. Songs and Hornpipes. Nelson's Departure from England. Castanet Ballet at Cadiz. On Board the Victory. Musket Drill. Cutlass Drill. Shortening Sail. Beating to Quarters. The Battle. The Death of Nelson.
 The Daily Telegraph says:—"Arranged in a manner well calculated to invite an expression of patriotic sympathies and evoke enthusiastic plaudits."
 The Observer says:—"Surpasses anything of the kind ever attempted."
 VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT during the Evening:
 Miss Nelly Power, Mr. Arthur Lloyd, Mr. Fred Wilson, the Kiralfys, &c.

MR. BARRY SULLIVAN'S Annual Tour

of England, Scotland, and Ireland. THEATRE ROYAL, EDINBURGH, MONDAY, MARCH 3rd, for TWELVE NIGHTS. All the principal Cities of the Empire to follow. All dates filled to end of Tour.—Business Manager, T. S. AMORY.

THE LATE MR. PHELPS, as "DR.

CANTWELL," drawn from life by Matt. Stretch. A few proof copies on plate paper may be had, price One Shilling each, by post 1s. 1d. Apply to the Publisher, 148, Strand, London

THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY'S GAR-

DENS, Regent's-park, are Open Daily (except Sundays), from 8 a.m. to sunset. Admission, 1s.; on Monday, 6d.; Children always 6d. Amongst the most recent additions are a young male Giraffe and an Equine Antelope.

EVANS'S,
COVENT GARDEN.

OPEN AT EIGHT.

Glees, Choruses, Madrigals and Part Songs by EVANS'S CHOIR
 Conducted by Mr. F. JONGHMANS.

The body of the Hall is reserved exclusively for Gentlemen.

SUPPERS AFTER THE THEATRES.

ADMISSION 2s.

Proprietor ... J. B. AMOR.

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Next week's issue of THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS will contain a Portrait of H.I.H. the Princess Marguerite—"All the World's a Stage"—"Before the Days of Breachloaders"—Hoxing at St James's Hall—Portrait of Mr. Leslie Croft—Pencilings from the Plays—"The First Fence," by J. Sturgess—Scene from the new opera of "Etienne Marcel" at Lyons—James Fishery—The Last of the Season—Famous Hostels (continued)—The Old George Inn at Rugby, etc. etc.

MISS GLYN has the honour to announce that

she will give THREE READINGS FROM SHAKESPEARE at STEINWAY HALL, Lower Seymour Street on the following Tuesday evenings:—March 25th, HAMLET; April 1st, MACBETH; April 8th, ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. To commence each evening at 8 o'clock, price 1s; doors open at 7.30. Tickets—Numbered Stalls, 5s; Stalls, 3s; Gallery, 2s. Family Tickets to admit five to numbered stalls, 5s 18s. Subscription for three Readings, 10s. 6d. A plan of the hall may be seen and tickets obtained at Mitchell's Royal Library, 33 Old Bond Street; Olliver's, 38 Old Bond Street; Chappell's, 50, New Bond Street; Hay's, Royal Exchange; and at Steinway Hall.

ST. GEORGE'S HALL.—The Neville Dra-

matic School Students will perform on SATURDAY Evening, March 15th, JOHN DOBBS and THE LADY OF LYONS. Patrons of the School—Henry Irving Esq., J. K. Planché Esq., Henry Neville Esq., John Hollingshead Esq., and E. Sothorn Esq. Director—George Neville Esq. To commence at 7.20. Prices 5s., 3s., 2s., and 1s.

ST. JAMES'S HALL,

Piccadilly.
 THE MOORE AND BURGESS
 HOLIDAY ENTERTAINMENT.
 Pronounced by all the leading daily and weekly Papers to be THE BEST AND MOST DELIGHTFUL to be found amidst the whole round of London Amusements.
 EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT.
 MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS, and SATURDAYS, at 3 and 8.
 Prices of admission, 5s., 3s., 2s., and 1s. No Fees.

MASKELYNE and COOKE.

ENGLAND'S HOME OF MYSTERY, EGYPTIAN HALL. Every Evening at 8.0 and Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday Afternoons, at 3.0. Private boxes, 25s and 21s.; stalls, 5s. and 3s.; admission 2s. and 1s. Seats booked at any Ticket Agent's, or at the Hall—W. MORTON, Manager.

ZACH the HERMIT; or Modern Spiritualism

by an Ancient Medium. This Afternoon and Evening, in the place of the Dark Seance, at MASKELYNE and COOKE'S ENTERTAINMENT. This new feature takes the place of the Dark Seance.

HAMILTON'S ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE,

HOLBORN.
 THE ZULU WAR will be produced during the week. The Battle of Isandula illustrating the thrilling episode of the heroic stand against 20,000 Zulus by the gallant 24th, from the most authentic sources. Hamilton's EXCURSIONS and GRAND PANSTEROGRAM of Passing Events, with superb and realistic scenes in Cyprus, England's Ironclad Fleet, the Kyber Pass. The storming and capture of the fortress of Ali Mujiid. A quadruple war dance by Zulu Warriors. The Human Tripod. The O.I.C.M. Minstrels, and the Niggers Nick Pick. 6d. to 2s. Stalls, 3s. Nightly at 8. To-day (Saturday) and Monday, at 3 and 8.

MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTER-

TAINMENT. St. George's Hall, Langham-place.—A TREMENDOUS MYSTERY, by F. C. Burnand. (Last Week.) Concluding with A TRIP TO CAIRO, by Corney Grain. (Last Representations.) Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday at 8. Morning Performances, Thursday and Saturday at 3. Admission, 1s. and 2s.; Stalls, 3s. and 5s.

PATTERNS FREE.

BLACK SILKS.
 Manufactured by BONNET, of Lyons.
 Messrs. JAY beg to inform their Patrons and the Public generally that they are now selling these well-known PURE LIGHT DYED SILKS at a reduction of from 33 to 40 per cent. off prices that were charged previous to the DEPRESSION IN THE LYONS SILK MARKET.
 Present price, 4s. 11d.; former price, 8s. 3d.
 Present price, 5s. 6d.; former price, 8s. 9d.
 Present price, 5s. 11d.; former price, 9s. 6d.
 Present price, 6s. 9d.; former price, 10s. 6d.
 Messrs. JAY are also selling Jaubert's good wearing BLACK SILKS, at the following reduced rate:
 Present price, 3s. 9d.; former price, 5s. 6d.
 Present price, 4s. 6d.; former price, 6s. 3d.
 Present price, 5s. 3d.; former price, 7s. 6d.
 Present price, 5s. 9d.; former price, 8s. 3d.
 BLACK SATINS, all pure silk, 22 inches wide, from 5s. 3d. per yard.
 JAY'S,
 THE LONDON GENERAL MOURNING WAREHOUSE,
 REGENT STREET, W.

Possessing all the Properties of the Finest Arrowroot.

BROWN & POLSON'S CORN FLOUR

HAS TWENTY YEARS' WORLD-WIDE REPUTATION,

and is UNEQUALLED for UNIFORM SUPERIOR QUALITY.

SCHWEITZER'S

COCOATINA,

Anti-Dyspeptic Cocoa or Chocolate Powder.

Guaranteed pure Soluble Cocoa of the Finest Quality, with the excess of fat extracted.

THE FACULTY pronounce it "the most nutritious perfectly digestible beverage for Breakfast, Luncheon, or Supper, and invaluable for Invalids and Children." Highly commended by the entire Medical Press.

Being without Sugar, Spice, or other admixture, it suits all palates, keeps better in all climates, and is four times the strength of Cocosas thickened yet weakened with Starch, &c., and really cheaper. Made with boiling water, a teaspoonful to a Breakfast Cup, costing less than a half-penny. In tin packets at 1s. 6d., 3s., 5s. 6d., &c. By Chemists and Grocers.

Cocoatina a la Vanille.

Is the most delicate, digestible, cheapest Vanilla Chocolate, and may be taken when richer chocolate is prohibited.

H. SCHWEITZER and Co., 10, Adam-street, Adelphi, W.C.

THE ILLUSTRATED Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1879.

CIRCULAR NOTES.

THERE have probably never been so many accidents in the hunting field during so short a period as have occurred this season, and several writers have expressed an inability to explain how the fact arises. The remarkably heavy going, and horses out of condition, are accepted as explanations of the falls, but the commentators find it impossible to say why so many of those who come off seem to hurt themselves, soft as the falling is. I fancy the simple explanation is that the number of falls is much beyond the average for the reasons explained, and that consequently the proportion of those that hurt themselves is likewise higher. Nevertheless, falling is a mystery, for some men never seem to do themselves any harm, while others break or severely sprain something whenever they fail to keep their seats. Dick Webster, the Leicestershire rough rider, has had more curious croppers than most men, and his recipe for avoiding disagreeable consequences is to "tighten your muscles and try to roll yourself up in a ball, like." If anyone asks him he will be glad to demonstrate the process and show how he pulls himself together when he feels that he has to go or is actually going. "If you fall anyhow, sprawled out, loose and limp, you are sure to hurt yourself," he says. I was galloping after the "carted deer" in Surrey one day last year with an old gentleman, a grandfather, who merrily tumbled off his horse four times, and vowed that he did not mind so doing in the least.

MRS. WELDON has been good enough to send here a very long, but not a very interesting, letter about a recent trial in which the good faith and reputation of a doctor who devotes his life to the treatment of the insane were triumphantly vindicated from the charges brought against him by a gentleman who swallowed his studs with a comfortable belief in their health-restoring properties. Mrs. Weldon tells me that the "audience in great part was composed" of asylum-keepers, ladies and gentlemen who had been kept in asylums, and herself. That part of the audience which in great part was composed of Mrs. Weldon, disapproved of the verdict; and she apparently has so slight an idea of how respectable papers are conducted as to believe that this journal will publish her insolent criticisms on the Lord Chief Baron, whose admirably lucid summing-up placed the case before the jury with such perfect impartiality and clearness. Mrs. Weldon has a great deal to say about habitual drunkards and other amiable creatures, but I do not propose to assist in making this journal the Habitual Drunkards' Guardian.

ONE of my informants on the subject of "the haunted house" is very angry with me for expressing disbelief, and suggests that I should "go and stay in the house for a week or two, and see," without considering that the owner might possibly send a policeman to see also, if possession were calmly taken of his house. Several letters on "the haunted house"—which all the correspondents assume must be in Berkeley-square—have reached me. One details a thrilling story of a courageous young man who slept there; and was discovered by his friends next morning, a gibbering lunatic, pointing to a particular spot in the wall. On a post-card comes the suggestion that I should ask Mr. Edmund Yates, who knows something about it, and the writer says that if I don't believe the story, he does. Another correspondent has hit upon a solution of the mystery. The house is the chosen abode of coiners, and when it is taken by any adventurous person the coiners play at being boogies, or amuse themselves by compounding poisonous vapour which they direct by means of tubes to the occupied rooms. Another correspondent gives his opinion that the house simply belongs to a rich man who lives abroad, and is so wealthy that he does not care about the rent, or possibly may not even know that he owns the property; and yet another thinks that Chancery has something to do with it. A friend, a well-known artist whose works frequently adorn these pages, tells me that though he knows nothing of this celebrated house, he knew another haunted one, and lived in it. Mysterious knocks at the door, followed sometimes by the opening of the doors without any visible agency, violent scufflings in the passages, footsteps running up and down stairs, were often heard. He did not like it, and even goes so far as to admit that he was frightened on more than one occasion; but he never saw anything.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE does not seem to have paid its way for a long time past; but I think it would do so if it were turned into a circus, as has been suggested. Good circuses are always paying concerns. Those that come to London for a season seem to be thronged every night, and if a few improvements were made in the performance at some of them no doubt the throng would be still denser. Yet, in spite of this there is, strange to say, no established circus in the metropolis. In Drury Lane there is room for a good sized ring, which is one of the first necessities in a circus. A horse has no chance of appearing to advantage in a ring rather larger than half-a-crown. Feats of activity and skill will always please an audience, though visitors to circuses grow tired of the gentleman who rides round standing on one leg on the top of a substantial pad and occasionally makes little jumps into the air while "banners" are cleverly thrust under his feet. The dull jokes of clowns devoid of humour do much to empty circuses, also; but a really good company, with some tricks out of the common way, a couple of clowns who were really funny, and one or two who could tumble exceptionally well, would, I have no doubt, pay handsomely at Drury Lane.

WHILE on the question of circuses, I may say how sad it is to find Mr. Sanger abusing poor Bill simply because of his affliction. Bill is Mr. Myers's elephant, and poor Bill, a wonderfully sagacious beast, has the misfortune to be blind. The animal is not mentioned by name, but it is impossible to read the advertisement without suspecting that it is meant for a sly dig at Bill. I read in an announcement put forth by Mr. Sanger, that—"The Twelve Ponderous Performing Elephants will walk majestically round the great arena and stage to be admired, and to show the public that they are neither lame, blind, or infirm with old age, and then they will enter into those marvellous performances which, despite the erroneous announcements made by other managers, are far superior to anything of its kind. Remember! Twelve Large Elephants, not Four Babies." To say nothing of the grammar being a trifle lame and infirm, the criticism loses some of its point, inasmuch as the elephants so unkindly referred to cannot at the same time be babies and infirm with old age. I have never seen the Twelve Ponderous Performers, who are no doubt in the prime of elephantine life; but I know Bill—poor fellow!—and his marvellously clever companions at the Agricultural Hall, which are certainly the most astonishing beasts I ever had the pleasure of meeting. It will be a "sacrifice irreparable" to me not to go and see the Twelve Ponderous Performers, I know, because Mr. Sanger says so in his advertisement; but I have a prejudice in favour of Bill, and when next inclined to visit a circus I shall go and see how poor old Bill bears up under these sneers at his infirmity.

THE *World* gives information of what may be expected at the Royal Italian Opera during the coming season, which will begin towards the end of the present month. *Carmen*, with Madame Patti as the wayward gypsy, is, I suppose, a certainty, though—if it be not treason to say so—I do not expect a very powerful rendering of the character from her. *Carmen* in her true colours has not yet been shown either by Mlle. Hauk, Madame Trebelli, nor Madame Dolaro, albeit each passes mediocrity, as Madame Patti will also. Gounod's *Polyeucte* will doubtless be heard, with Madame Albani as the heroine, but I am sorry to see that M. Capoul, most throaty and lackadaisical of tenors, is to return to Covent Garden. Nothing more is said about Rubenstein's *Nero*, nor is this perhaps a matter for general regret. I do not fancy that the Marquis d'Ivry's *Les Amants de Vérone* will prove attractive, and shall be surprised if Herr Goldmark's *Queen of Sheba* is ever produced. The list of novelties, if this be the list, is decidedly not strong; for *Carmen* is a novelty no longer. Let us hope that something good may at the last moment attract the new managers and the most charming of prima donne, Madame Albani, whose fortunes are henceforth bound up in the opera. All lovers of lyric art in its highest form would rejoice at a successful season, if only for her sake.

A BET has just been made as to whether a post-card would go round the world in 100 days, but in this case the card did not travel quickly enough. It was posted in London to the British consul at Singapore, where, however, there is no such official it appears, and as the scheme did not seem to be understood (what address the card bore is not stated) there here occurred some delay. Starting from London on the 18th of October, 1878, it reached Alexandria on the 24th of the same month, and would have come into the hands of the British consul at Singapore, had there been one, on the 17th of November. It arrived at Yokohama three days before last Christmas Day, on the 22nd December, and on the 30th of January, this year, had made its way to San Francisco. On February 7th it came to New York, and came back to its original source in the City of Berlin. The little traveller's expedition took altogether 116 days.

It is unpleasant to see that writers in too many public prints are persisting in the snobbish habit of calling a gentleman Blank Dashington, Esq., instead of Mr. Blank Dashington. We used to hear of Mr. Disraeli, and we still hear of Mr. Cross, Mr. Lowe, and of other personages of undoubted position, spoken of in a proper and natural manner; but there are some writers who do not think they pay sufficient deference to Mr. John Jones unless they write of him as John Jones, Esq. If one looks into the theatrical newspapers—the editors of which are necessarily not responsible—one finds that Maximilian Smith, Esq., the mammoth comique, begs to thank George Innuendo, Esq., the lion clatterer, for singing at his benefit; but that the habits and customs of these dreadful creatures should be extended to reputable society is to the last degree deplorable. In *Baily's Magazine* this month I find an account, not of Mr. Thomas Lyon Thurlow's stag-hounds, but of the stag-hounds of Thomas Lyon Thurlow, Esq. I was once staying with a friend, and in the post bag, amongst other letters, was one to his valet, addressed—

James Rider, Esq.,
at Mr. Conway's,
Plass Scratchedd,
Carnarvonshire.

A beautifully unconscious satire on the part of James Rider, Esq.'s, correspondent.

"A good horse cannot be a bad colour" is a proverb not to be contradicted, by reason of the fact that it may mean anything; that is to say, either that colour is a matter of no consequence, or that a good horse never is of a colour usually condemned. On this subject controversy rages high at frequent periods, and different people have different opinions; for as there are exceptions to every rule there are exceptions to the rules which bear upon the colours of horses. The following is, however, the experience of an authority who speaks from keen observation and long experience. Dark red chestnuts with pretty little heads are at the same time hot and silly, he declares, and are particularly apt to contract diseases of the feet. It is often maintained that white and grey horses

are constitutionally weaker than others, but of this my authority will not be sure. "Cleveland bays," however, or horses with white stockings and blazes on their heads, are usually soft. Bays with black points, and dark browns are the animals he prefers. Of course these opinions will be very generally contradicted. One man will protest that the best horse he ever knew was a skewball, another will maintain that he knew a sandy chestnut with a white mane and tail that could jump a house with farm-buildings thrown in; while poetical people will urge that Pegasus was a cream. Nevertheless, I think that my friend's opinions are not far from the mark.

ACCORDING to an American contemporary, some of the marksmen who enter upon matches to break glass balls have a playful habit of making sure that the balls shall be broken by taking the precaution of breaking them in advance. The distance from the gun to the trap is generally 15 yards, and the balls are mechanically thrown up in the air. Before being packed, however, scandal or rumour asserts the marksmen first crack the neck of each ball with a pair of pincers. Of course the men who shoot the matches are really good shots, and can almost make certain of hitting the balls. When one is missed, however, it is alleged, it is picked up and handed to the referee, who at once detects the clipping of the neck, which he construes into shot marks. It would be naturally suspicious were many of the balls simply chipped by the shot, and most of them are broken outright legitimately; but the knowledge that an occasional miss will not tell against the result inspires the "sportsman" with confidence, and the few chipped balls are said to often make all the difference in the end. On the whole, it appears to be rather unsafe to bet on these matches unless you know something of the moral character of the men who make them.

ONE of the small grievances which constantly afflict men who do not keep valets of their own arises from the way in which their boots are cleaned. Servants will persist in the idiotic and disagreeable practice of blacking and polishing the kid, as well as the leather which should properly be so treated, and this leads to a series of evils with no mitigating benefits. Your boots are spoilt, your fingers are dirtied, and, especially in wet weather, the part of the trousers which rubs against the boot is permanently stained. You may, by slow degrees, impress upon your own servants that you would prefer to have your shirt-front blacked if they cannot be happy without blacking something; but at a friend's house, or at an hotel, sooner or later the smooth kid surface which should fit over the instep unblemished is almost certain to be caked with blacking, and you become painfully conscious that another good pair of boots has gone wrong.

RAPIER.

GONVILLE BROMHEAD, 24th REGT.

G ONE were thy comrades, lost to sight and sound,
O nly to God thy great account to give;
N o thought but honour their brave actions crowned.
V ictory or Death! Henceforward they will live
I n hearts that hold them dear for duty done.
L ike an avenger, heaven-sent, thou came,
L eading thy small brave band, and victory won.
E ngland will long revere thy noble name.

B oldness and honour shewn in duty's cause
R eceive their dues from Him who gave the power
O n that dread field to vindicate his laws,
M ighty, yet merciful. In that awful hour,
H earts that beat high for Queen and country's weal,
E ach aiding other, gloried in the need,
A nd left their honour to thy noble zeal.
D evoted servant! thou hast earned thy meed.

ÉTOILE.

[We wish we had a companion acrostic to Gonville Bromhead's equally noble comrade, the gallant Chard, who equally deserves fame and honour.—ED. I. S. AND D. N.]

ON Monday last, Miss La Thangue gave her sixth annual concert at the Collyer Memorial Rooms, Peckham, when she was assisted by Miss Matilda Roby, R.A.M., and Mrs. Diplock; Messrs. J. P. Featherby, Kennedy, Stewart, and Tom Adams (the flautist). This lady's concerts have always been enjoyable, and the present was singularly so, the presence of an efficient string band lending valuable aid. Mr. Kennedy Stewart and Mrs. Diplock were fairly successful, and Mr. J. P. Featherby very pleasing, the honours of the evening falling to Miss Matilda Roby and Miss La Thangue, the former being encored for her first song, and the latter having both her songs re-demanded; she only complied, however, in the second instance, and then gave "Trysting," a very tasteful and tuneful composition of her own. In addition to the vocal and instrumental performances, some excellent humorous recitations were given by Messrs. Shaboe and Diplock. This is the first time we have heard recitations at a "concert," but suppose, as it is now fashionable to have them at dinner parties, this suburban innovation may possibly be followed at the West-end.

SALE AMATEUR DRAMATIC SOCIETY.—A very crowded audience assembled in the Drill Room, Sale, on Friday, February 14th, to attend the performance, by the members of this society, of *Blow for Blow*, by Mr. H. J. Byron, and the farce, of *Boots at the Swan*. *Blow for Blow* is an excellent piece for amateurs, the lines being terse and replete with that dry fund of humour which has raised the author to the high position he now holds among modern dramatists. Mr. W. Rumsey as Charley Spraggs, a lawyer's clerk, with a taste for the turf and the arena was the life of the piece, and the melo-dramatic rôle of John Drummond was played by Mr. H. Pagden with great force. Messrs. R. Daniel and Towle did good service as Sir Harry Linden and Doctor Grace, and other members of the cast lent efficient aid to a very enjoyable performance. The following professional ladies, Miss Alice Ingram (Mildred Craddock), Mrs. Bickerstaff (Kitty Wobler), Miss Jessie Warner (Lady Ethel Linden), and Mrs. Tullock (Mrs. Moulsey), assisted materially in the above result. The farce was played with great spirit by Messrs. Arthur Poole as Captain Frank Friskly, J. H. Atkinson as Jacob Earwig, and J. M. Higgins as the Buttons. These gentlemen played under a great disadvantage, the lateness of the hour obliging many of the audience to leave during the performance of the piece. The stage management was all that could be desired, and with a hint to the society that a prologue and three acts is a substantial bill of fare in itself, we close our notice.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

MADAME JENNIE VANZINI.

MADAME JENNIE VANZINI (Van Zandt) made her debut in New York, U.S.A., November, 1864, in Italian opera, under the direction of Mr. Maretzek. The opera chosen was Verdi's *Rigoletto*, and as Gilda Madame Vanzini achieved a decided success. Speaking of her assumption, the *New York Herald* said:—"She is young, pretty, and graceful; she gave the beautiful aria 'Caro nome' in a manner which drew down a perfect tempest of applause, and her success was decided." The *New York Times* said:—"Mrs. Van Zandt possesses every requisite for the profession she has chosen, and we predict for her a brilliant career." The *New York Evening Post* said:—"Her voice may be briefly described as a clear sweet soprano, very delightful to the ear, flexible, and of considerable power. Her debut was one of the most successful ever witnessed in this country." Her next success was in the rôle of Lucia. The *Boston Herald* said:—"It would be too faint praise to say the lady was successful, for she achieved a positive triumph."

After a six months' tour through the United States, Madame Vanzini determined to proceed to Milan for the purpose of completing her musical education, under the celebrated maestro Lamperti, who after a few lessons advised her to go before the public. She soon received offers of engagements, and accepted one to sing for six months at the Royal Opera House, Copenhagen. [At this time Madame Zandt Italianised her name and became known as Madame Vanzini. She first appeared in Copenhagen at a private concert at the palace, and sang before the King and Queen of Denmark, subsequently appearing in the operatic rôles of Gilda, Lucia, Traviata, La Sonnambula, &c. The *Dagbladet* said:—"Signora Vanzini took the rôle of Violetta in *La Traviata*, and showed herself an accomplished artist. Her rendering was marked by remarkable taste and dramatic expression. She is young and pretty, and her voice much resembles that of Adelina Patti." Madame Vanzini received upon the night of her benefit a handsome bracelet from the Queen. Madame Vanzini next appeared at the Imperial Opera House, Warsaw, where she met with great success, singing with Madame Trebelli and Signors Bettini, Ciampi, &c. She then came under the notice of the director of La Scala, Milan, and accepted an engagement for six months (November, 1868). Her success was complete. There were upwards of 4,000 people present at her debut, including the Royal family. Flattering criticisms appeared in *La Perseveranza* and *Frustra Teatrale*. Before the close of the season Madame Vanzini received an offer from the late Mr. F. Gye to sing at the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, where she appeared as Marguerite in *Faust*, with Signor Mario in the title-rôle. The *Morning Post* said:—"Her execution of the Jewel Song was brilliant, and the subsequent duet was given with great feeling." The *Standard* said:—"Her success was unequivocal. She displayed artistic qualities of a high order, and seemed to take her hearers captive. She is young, prepossessing, and graceful," &c., &c. Madame Vanzini remained four seasons at Covent Garden. She next received an offer from Mr. Carl

Last year Madame Vanzini accepted an engagement with Mr. Carl Rosa for his provincial and London seasons, and is at present singing at Her Majesty's Theatre, where she has made great successes in two arduous rôles. On the opening night of the season, January 27, 1879, she appeared for the first time at Her Majesty's Theatre as Adriano Colonna in the English version of Herr Wagner's *Rienzi*, and on February 12 as Valentina in *Les Huguenots*. In both these characters she proved herself to be a "dramatic" soprano of the highest rank. Her voice has become rich and powerful, without losing its pure and sympathetic quality, and her vocalisation is of the most finished kind.



HERR. JOACHIM.

THE LATE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

Biographies of the late Duke of Newcastle have been so numerous of late that it would be superfluous to go over the well-trodden ground again. His Grace's private life is not for us to discuss; and his turf career may be in a great measure summed up by the remark that his honesty greatly exceeded his shrewdness. As Lord Lincoln, the subject of this memoir was attracted to the Turf, and was on the point of bringing off a splendid *coup* in the Cesarewitch with Gaspard. A difference of seven inches would have made to Lord Lincoln's banking account a difference of ten times as many thousand pounds. In several sporting ventures the Duke of Newcastle was associated with the late Marquis of Hastings, and that unfortunate nobleman's Lecturer more than once did the Duke a good turn when a good turn was very sadly needed. The Cesarewitch victory of Julius with 8 st. on his back was perhaps the most remarkable incident connected with the violet and white hoops; and Speculum's City and Suburban must not be forgotten. Whether Pace would have won the Derby, had all gone well, as was so confidently anticipated, it would be profitless to discuss. Pace broke down, as Wild Oats did afterwards. Unquestionably the Duke's turf career was marked by exceptionally bad luck, though the practical destruction of Julius as a race-horse was a question of bad judgment. The horse's leg was more than queer, but the leg lasted longer than the heart, and that was broken at Stockbridge in a terrible finish, owing to a misconception which is now a matter of turf history. That the late Duke of Newcastle was a wise man or that he had strength of disposition no one will maintain. His impulses easily overcame his common sense. His life promised to be brilliant; for some time the promise was kept up, but at the moment when he should have attained the summit of prosperity he started down hill at too rapid a pace to stop short of destruction.

HERR JOACHIM.

Herr Josef Joachim, whose portrait we publish this week, was born on the 15th July, 1831, at Kitsee, a small town near Presburg, and at the very early age of twelve years made his first appearance in public at the Conservatoire in Leipzig, where he played the difficult *Otello Fantasia* by Ernst.

After studying in Vienna under the celebrated Joseph Böhm, he went to Leipzig, where he studied the violin under Ferdinand David, and at the same time received theoretical instruction from Moritz Hauptmann. At this period, among a host of eminent musicians, Robert and Clara Schumann, as well as Mendelssohn, flourished in Leipzig, and to the fact of entering at an early age into such a refined musical atmosphere is to be attributed in a great degree the high position Joachim has since attained in the profession.

From Leipzig he proceeded to Weimar, where Liszt, the zealous pioneer of the modern German school, ruled supreme. He then went to Hanover, where a still wider field for his talent offered itself, and there enjoyed the favour of the blind king. He subsequently became Director of the Royal Academy of Music



THE ABBOTT TESTIMONIAL.

Rosa to sing in English opera in the United States, alternating with his gifted wife, Madame Parepa-Rosa. The offer was a generous one, and Madame Vanzini, anxious to revisit the States, accepted. She was heartily welcomed back again, and appeared first in Balfe's *Satanella*, October 9, 1871, and subsequently in *Fra Diavolo*, *Figaro*, *Maritana*, *Don Giovanni*, &c. Madame Vanzini remained with Mr. Rosa during his American campaign. In 1873 she received an offer to sing in English opera with Miss Kellogg, and remained three years, singing in the principal cities of the United States.

Her acting is graceful and impressive, and her impersonation of Valentina could not easily be surpassed. She is well qualified to undertake the most important "dramatic" rôles in opera, and the accession of so valuable a recruit to the cause of English opera is a source of congratulation amongst English musicians.

Madame Vanzini was engaged by Mr. Mapleson for his provincial tour of 1871, singing alternately with Mdlle. Tietens, and has been secured for the forthcoming Italian Opera season at Her Majesty's to sustain the principal dramatic rôles.

in Berlin. Joachim has conferred lustre on the German school of violinists, and the credit is due to him of having destroyed the taste for that shallow "parade" music with which violinists used to dazzle their audiences.

To form a proper and correct estimate of Joachim, he must be heard in the works of Beethoven. Those who were present at the concert given by the Cambridge University Musical Society when Joachim was made a Doctor of Music will long remember how splendidly on that occasion he played Beethoven's Violin Concerto. He has recently played in equally superb style the E

minor Concerto of Spohr and Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto. By the frequenters of the Monday Popular Concerts he is almost idolised, and not only does he play magnificently his own part in chamber compositions; but he infuses his sympathies into the breasts of his comrades, and secures faultless interpretations of the quartettes, trios, &c., in which he takes part. Herr Joachim has won distinction as a composer, and is an admirable orchestral conductor. Long may he live to delight mankind!

TESTIMONIAL TO MR. WILLIAM ABBOTT.

A beautiful and valuable service of silver plate has been presented by a number of proprietors of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway Company, to Mr. William Abbott in recognition of his exertions on behalf of the Company. Messrs. Elkington and Co. are the manufacturers, and the service, designed by M. Morel-Ladeuil, is in the highest degree tasteful and artistic. The larger and central piece is formed of beautifully modelled figures of fauns—male and female—who together support a basket, or engraved glass bowl, for fruit and flowers. On either side are bas-reliefs in that *repoussé* work of which the artist has shown himself, in the Milton and Pilgrim Shields, to be so complete a master. The objects represented are Spring and Summer, while nymphs and cupids, surrounded by fruits and flowers, make up a group pleasing in the general arrangement, and exquisite in every detail of the chasing and ornament. An inscription in richly enamelled colours runs as follows:—"The service of plate was presented to William Abbott, Esq., by a number of shareholders in the London, Chatham and Dover Railway, in recognition of his energetic and successful exertions in opposing the fusion with the South Eastern Railway."

DESCRIBING THE RUN.

Mr. Matt. Stretch dropped into this wayside ale-house at a most fortunate moment, and with cunning pencil he has reproduced the exciting incident he witnessed therein. The yokel by the fireplace, with terror and surprise depicted on his countenance, is describing the run he has just witnessed—the strangest sight he ever saw. He was pottering about in a dry ditch, making bundles of faggots, when, two or three yards from him, what should come through the thick edge but a great dog fox, fur ruffled and tongue hanging out, evidently almost done. The fox turned to run down the ditch, caught sight of the narrator, and jumped into the pasture, when just at that moment a regular shower of hounds came bursting through and over the fence all around the astonished rustic. By no means sure that in the absence of the fox they might not take a fancy to him, he crouched down under the hedge; the moment after he heard a rush, the hedge parted, and four bright heels passed just over his back. It was my lord and his great brown horse, and almost before he had time to crouch still over, a little to the right of him came old Tom, the huntsman. He was going to dodge to the left, when a couple more of them jumped over just before his nose. Who should come next but my lady and her little son on his pony, and then came a gentleman whose horse caught his legs in the ditch and rolled over into the field beyond, pitching his rider over his head, though up they jumped again as if nothing had happened. More of them followed. Then he noticed that the hounds turned back again, and ran towards the spinney, where he had been working, and then suddenly turned towards him. He holloed "murder" and "fire" as loud as he could, but it was not he the hounds wanted, for suddenly he caught sight of the fox again, and in a moment the hounds had rolled him over. More horses kept jumping over him and scrambling through the hedge, which was now pretty well broken down in several places, and he heard a gentleman say it was the best forty minutes he had known for years; though a very few more minutes of it would have done for him. This anecdote the listeners hear with different appreciation. The surly agriculturist at his left hand, seated on the settle smoking, does not like hunting. He thinks my lord might be better employed, and young master should have been at his books—opinions which the old coachman would receive with disdain should any one venture to promulgate them in a sporting neighbourhood. The sturdy farmer, whose back is turned to us, hears with interest, regrets that in these hard times he cannot afford to keep his hunter, and



THE LATE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

hopes for better days in store. The ostler in the striped waistcoat assumes a knowing look, and tries to intimate by the expression of his somewhat sheepish countenance that if he had been there his friends would have had the opportunity of admiring him in the first flight with the best of them, while the rustic at his side, in terror at the recital, feels just as if he had been in the ditch and had all his brains knocked out. The only one who takes no interest in the story is the sot with the mug of ale before him behind the would-be sporting groom, and frequent potations had evidently prevented him taking interest in anything except more beer. He, like the man on the other side of the old-fashioned fireplace, has no sympathy with the chase. If he were a lord he wouldn't hunt. Not he, indeed. He would have a barrel of ale on a gold chair in the parlour, and he wouldn't leave it either till it was dry. The thought of riding off anywhere, very likely miles away from a comfortable public-house, is one of the habits in gentle folks that he cannot understand, and for which he has the most supreme contempt. The sturdy little fox terrier—a more intelligent animal than the beer-sodden yokel, has a notion that they are talking about sport, and pricks his ears accordingly. Decidedly Mr. Stretch was in the right place at the right time.

RAPIER.

A SNOW-SHOE CLUB STEEPLE-CHASE IN CANADA.

In the long Canadian winter of seven months' duration, when severe frosts seem endless, the driving sleet and heavily-falling snow interminable, when business is torpidly awaiting the tardy approach of spring, and the bitter winds have an edge of razor-like keenness, the want of occupation is terribly felt. Brisk walking, sleighing, balls, evening parties, and last, not least, sports and out-door games of a briskly invigorating kind are then in huge request. Snow-shoe "tramps" are undertaken by torchlight, and occasionally a steeple chase is got up, such as is represented in the sketches for which we are indebted to the writer of the following letter:—

(To the Editor of THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.)

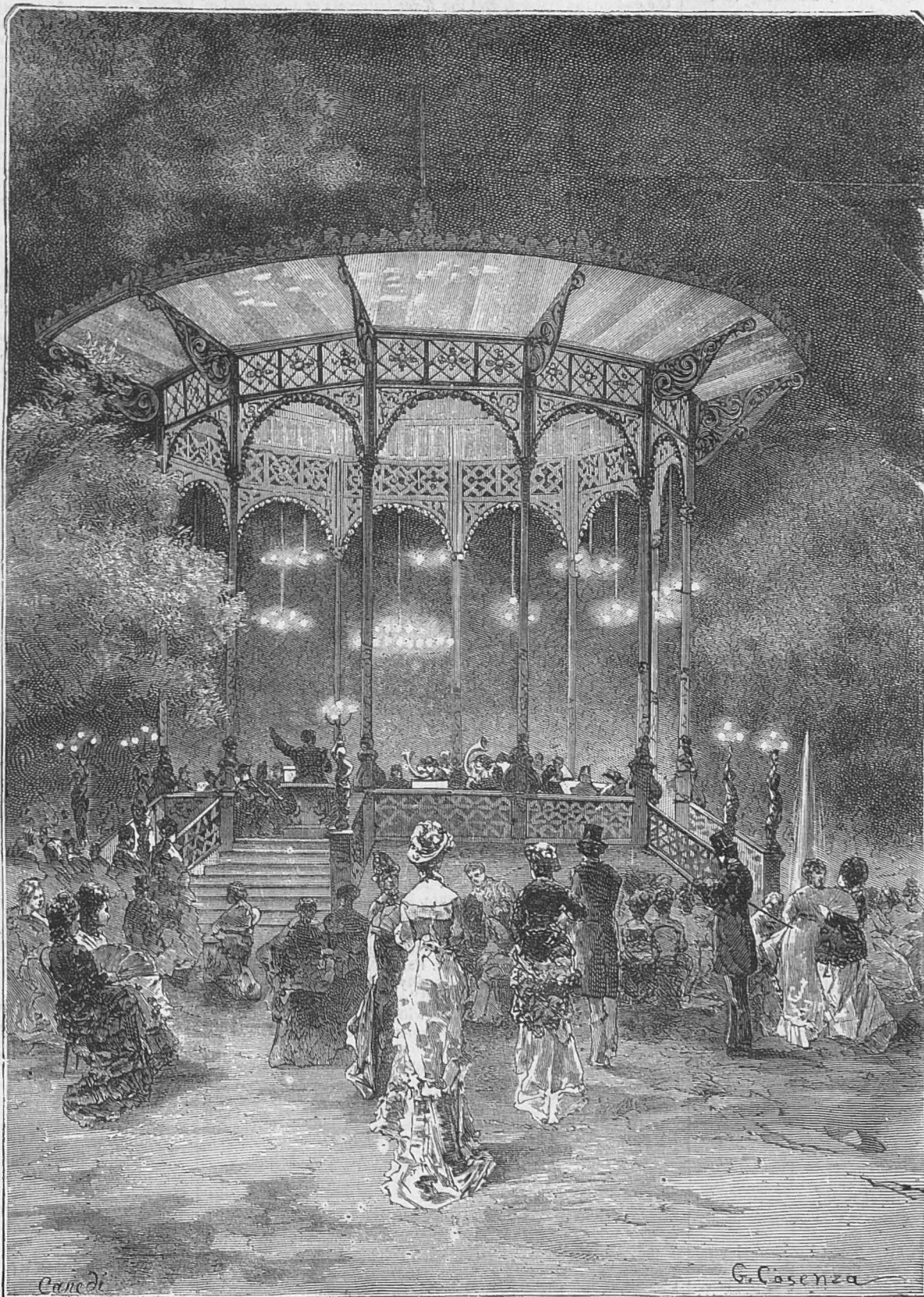
SIR,—Enclosed is a sketch of a steeplechase on snow-shoes which took place at St. Hilaire. The Montreal Snow-shoe Club came out to St. Hilaire by train from Montreal, and the race was from the railway station to the "Iroquois House," Mont St. Hilaire, a distance of three miles, all up hill. A terrific storm was raging at the time, the north-east wind (too well known by Canadians) blowing a hurricane, and driving the snow in clouds high into the air and into every nook, bitterly cold, and such a

"poudrière!"—in fact, weather out into which you wouldn't turn a dog. Forty odd members of the club turned out in their club dress—a white coat, made out of an ordinary blanket, with a "capuchon" attached, the head-dress a blue woollen "tuque," with red tassel, and leggings of white blanket, with red band down the side. Eleven started for the race, which was won by Mr. M'Nab. Several of the party drove up in sleighs, reaching the hotel not without several upsets and mishaps, the snow-shoes beating every horse, though the horses had the start of them. The hon. president, a sketch of whom I send, walked pluckily through the storm, though his age (sixty-two) would certainly have been sufficient apology for driving up in a sleigh. The plucky old veteran arrived fifth man at the hotel, and had he entered for the race might perhaps have won, as he had then something left in him. Part of the mountain where the "Iroquois House" is situated is seen through the storm in the sketch. On its summit was a small square building originally used as a chapel or place of worship.—Yours truly,

A. G. CAMPBELL.
St. Hilaire, Canada,
January 30, 1879.

THE CAVERNS OF LURAY IN THE UNITED STATES.

Near the town of Luray, in the State of Virginia, some caverns have been discovered, remarkable not only on account of their immense extent, but also for their extraordinary character. We give two illustrations in our present number, one of which represents what has been called the "ballroom," in consequence of several balls having been recently held there by the inhabitants of Luray. From the entrance, which is rather narrow, as seen in the drawing, you descend by a staircase leading to the first cavern. A solid arcade formed by nature out of the rock proceeds from this narrow passage, and from this by a descent of three metres you enter into a large hall forty feet in height. Large



NAPLES.—THE NEW "CHIOSCO."

stalactite pillars reflect beautifully on their crystalline surface the prismatic colours. Passages extend in every direction, leading to immense halls, cascades, and to a lake, the water of which is wonderfully transparent. On all sides are pillars and columns, which have every appearance of the purest marble. Since last December, balls have frequently taken place in the largest of these halls. The effect produced by the light of the chandeliers, torches, and lamps of every description which are skillfully distributed throughout the cavern, is perfectly fairy-like. The most remarkable feature is the sound which some of these hollow crystal pillars or the stalactites emit when struck. Sometimes the vibrations are clear, like the striking of a bell, and last several seconds. The largest of these stalactites, which are 10 or 12 metres high, produce sonorous sounds of great volume if sharply struck, and when struck consecutively the sounds are curiously like those which a series of fine bells would produce.

CURLING.

This Scottish national winter game resembles in some of its features both billiards and bowls. The stones employed are such as are found on the sea-shore and in the beds of rivers, rounded and smooth and flattened on two sides. Those are selected which have a breadth nearly equal to twice their thickness, and are from thirty to sixty pounds avoirdupois weight. One surface, usually called the sole, is highly polished and flat to ensure its gliding swiftly over the smooth, level piece of ice—rink, as it is called—on which the sport is conducted. The sole is, however, sometimes preferred slightly convex or concave in the centre. Into a socket made in the flat upward-turned surface above the sole of each stone a handle is inserted. At each end of the rink, which varies in length from thirty to fifty yards, is a hole marked round with two circles, one outside the other; which hole is called the *tee*, *toesee* or *neither*, and the circles the *broughs*. A line or score is drawn across the rink at each end, called the *hogscore*, each being about a sixth of the length of the rink away from the tee. The breadth of the rink is about ten or twelve feet. The players are usually sixteen in number, eight on either side, and each is provided with a broom to clear the ice and generally takes one stone, although in some parts two and more are allowed, according to custom or preliminary agreement. The player last in order is chosen *driver*, to arrange the order of the game, and the best player is selected for *lead*. The latter commences the game by endeavouring to discharge his stone from the hack or hatch, and land it as near to the tee as possible without actually touching it. To guard this stone—called the *winner*—or strike it away, is the object of each successive player, according to his purpose as the partner or antagonist of the lead. There may be one or more rinks, according to the number of curlers, and in some of the great matches as many as six are sometimes in use. Although so simple in its commencement, as the game progresses it becomes more intricate and exciting, affording opportunities for the display of great strength and skill, and fully showing how the game, which is in Scotland what cricket is in England, acquired its immense popularity.

When the stones on both sides have all been played, that nearest the tee counts one, and if the second, third, and fourth, &c., belong to the same side, each counts as a *shot*, of which the number usually played for is thirty-one. Curling is supposed to have been introduced into Scotland by the Flemings near the end of the fifteenth or beginning of the sixteenth century. It has been played in England, and is still played in the northern counties but does not appear to have established itself here. In the colder regions of North America Scottish emigrants have given it a new home, but it can hardly be said to flourish abroad. According to Pennant, in 1792 the game was altogether unknown out of Scotland. It is a good, healthy, wholesome pastime for cold weather, and deserves a much wider range of popularity than—out of Scotland—it now enjoys.

THE NEW PLAY.—"ÆSOP, OF THE GOLDEN BUBBLE."

THIS play, produced last Monday at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Birmingham, achieved a success and a public welcome that may be pronounced at least extraordinary. It is singular for its force and originality, and certainly gives Mr. Charles Calvert one of the best possible opportunities of displaying to the utmost the varied excellences of his style and power of moving his audience. The play, which is historical, is founded on the story of the poor hunchback of the Rue Quincampoix, mentioned in Gifford's History of France, a remarkable man who acquired enormous wealth by successful speculation in the Mississippi scheme of the famous John Law.

The first Act introduces us to the domains of the Marquis de Bellemaison, who possesses a lovely daughter Clarisse. Pierre Lacroche, the hunchback, resides in a humble cottage on the grand seigneur's estate. Beneath that lonely roof, in the extremities of death, lies his mother. The Marquis desires to build a pavilion in its place, and orders its demolition. To remove the sick woman at such a time would be fatal, and Pierre comes to his master to implore his forbearance till his mother can be removed with safety. On his way he is accidentally ridden down by the horse of Victor de Monterrause, the accepted lover of Clarisse Bellemaison. The first person Pierre meets in the grounds of the Marquis is the fair Clarisse, with whom the poor deformed youth is secretly and madly in love. She discovers the truth by learning that he wears her portrait, painted by himself, a freedom she indignantly resents as the grossest of insults to herself and her family. He implores her pardon, and reminds her, to mollify her rage, that it was in her service he became the hopeless cripple he is; for climbing a tree to gratify her freak, when a girl, a treacherous bough dropped the happy gleesome boy to the earth, and he was borne back to his mother's cottage broken for life. Neither this title to their commiseration nor his mother's danger can be allowed by the haughty noble and his friends to impede for an instant the execution of his lordship's whim, and in spite of Clarisse's intercession he learns that the cruel act of dismantling his home is already going on, and that the shock to his mother has caused her death. Roused to frenzy by this barbarous inhumanity, he loses all restraint, and in his fury pronounces a prophetic malediction on his oppressors—a prophecy only too terribly fulfilled in the horrors of the French Revolution that followed soon after. For this denunciation he is doomed to the solitude of the Bastille. Seven years later we find him not only free of his chains, but, by his learning, foresight, and ability, one of the wealthiest millionaires in France, having speculated with such unparalleled success in the Rue Quincampoix, the bourse of the gamblers in the aforesaid Mississippi scheme, which had been aptly termed "the golden bubble." While Fortune has thus placed the down-trodden man at the head of her favourites, she has brought his lordly oppressors beggars to her feet; and two of them, Baron de Chateaubieux and Count d'Oriflamme, are reduced to servants in his household.

The hunchback's immense wealth gives him, of course, almost unlimited power and patronage. He is courted, flattered, and bowed down to as the Cæsar of the age by all in search of place, preference, or assistance; and amongst the many supplicants to his influence come the very Marquis and his adored Clarisse—no longer affluent and omnipotent, but poor in garb and beggared in fortune—to supplicate for a son and brother's life, of which wild

chance has made him the executioner or deliverer. The memory of his great wrongs rises up in ominous array, and he refuses all interference. But the recollection of his great love and the promptings of the good angel of his nature sways the balance, and the son is saved. Clarisse, whose lover, Victor, has been lost at sea, impressed by his magnanimity, offers him freely her hand in marriage. The poor hunchback, feeling it is not her love but her generosity that prompts her, declines this, the realisation of all the hope of his life, and only on her declaring that his refusal shall leave her solely the alternative of a convent does he accept the precious gift. In a transport of grateful adoration he throws himself at her feet, and is thus at the very summit of his happiness.

The next act, the Bridal Day, shows us Pierre radiant with happiness, profuse in costly gifts, generous and magnanimous to all, and everything is going joyously as the marriage bells heard in the distance, when an ominous cloud casts its threatening shadow across his path of coming joy.

A secret agent of police brings him the intelligence that his old rival in the affections of his bride is not only alive, but in search of his old betrothed. The minister Dubois, anxious to serve the hunchback, from whom the Regent desires a heavy loan, places the destiny of Victor de Monterrause entirely at his disposal. Pierre Lacroche, by merely signing his name, can consign him to oblivion, or even to death, without Clarisse's knowledge of his arrival or even existence. The shock is fearful to Pierre, and the returned lover is brought into his presence. The hunchback in passionate language offers him wealth, security, if he will leave him only his love and the means of making her life happy. Victor disdains all such compromise, and defies him with scorn and contempt. Unwilling to do the cowardly act in his power, of removing his rival by the means proposed by the agent, and goaded to desperation, he gives him the alternative of a duel à outrance then and there. Victor, in the true spirit of a soldier, accepts this challenge, and the encounter between the two men alone takes place. Pierre, by no means deficient in accomplishments, disarms his antagonist, but before the fatal thrust is given, the bride appears and recognises her first love, into whose arms she throws herself in the suddenness of joyous surprise. Possessing the power to sweep his opponent and all obstacles from his path, the temptation to use it is terrible. Clarisse declares her unalterable intention of fulfilling her pledge to Pierre, but he nobly resigns her. He himself retires to end his disappointed life amidst the consolations of the church.

Those who are familiar with Mr. Calvert's acting will readily perceive the many facilities this admirable drama affords him. Nothing can be more touching than his deep and tender love for Clarisse, while those who have seen his terrible curse in *King Lear* will well understand the intensity of the malediction at the end of the first act, and the fierce bitterness of the recital of his wrongs in the subsequent scenes. In truth, we have never seen Mr. Calvert to better advantage. Possessing a powerful yet melodious voice, great grace of action, perfect mastery of the technicalities of his art, and the rare excellence of never seeing his audience, he enlists our sympathies at the very first, and we part from him with regret. The other characters are, with trifling exceptions, played with much skill, and by a company of ladies and gentlemen evidently specially engaged. Their efforts deserve far more recognition than our space permits on this occasion.

For the play itself we have nothing but commendation. It is healthy, full of interest, and has the merit of being historically true; and we congratulate Mr. A. R. Selous (the author of *True to the Core*) on the production of the best of his plays.

The scenery is appropriate, and the salon in Paris may in justice be termed splendid. The incidental music is well selected.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"A LEAP IN THE DARK."

To the Editor of THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.

SIR,—Something similar to the occurrence you describe happened to me several years ago in returning one dark night from a dinner party. It was in Ireland, and the vehicle in which I sat was one of the "inside cars" so much used in that country. A narrow ray of light streamed across the road from a wayside inn, and, observing it from the window, the thought passed through my mind that it looked like a bright brass bar. A moment after the horse "took it," having evidently entertained the same opinion as myself. The "gosssoon" who drove me was rather astonished. I heard him mutter to himself: "Holy Virgin, what the — are ye up to? An' what'll ye be doin' nixt?" The horse was our own, and as the stables were very dark, he and his stable companions learned a trick of shying constantly. On another occasion I was cantering around a racecourse, of which I thought I knew every foot; consequently I held rather a loose rein, and was astonished to find myself high in the air without the smallest warning, except a slight previous acceleration in the stride. A deep but narrow "slough" had been dug for some reason across the course, the dark earth piled on one side of it presenting, at a little distance, the appearance of a mud wall about three feet in height (such as are often used as boundary marks in Ireland), a fact I had not noticed, talking to my companion. These two cases seem to me to resemble the one you describe. After all, the equine race only follow our own frequent example in making mountains of molehills. I think it is dear old Joanna Baillie (whom nobody reads now) who said—

Of things are nothing in the actual proof
That in the approach seemed dreadful.

Yours faithfully, SYLVIA.

THE well-known elocutionist, Mr. George E. Fairchild, appeared at Dunn's Literary Institute, Newington Causeway, a few evenings since with distinguished success, reading selections of poetry and humour from Dickens, Watson, Arthur Mathison, Turner, and other writers. In the touching and eloquent poetic sea story, "The Little Hero," Mr. Fairchild brought the chief incidents before the audience with reality and highly moving pathos, and in the "Great Winglebury Duel" of Dickens presented a series of comedy impersonations filled with life and drollery. Mr. Fairchild's power and accomplishment as an elocutionist were conspicuous throughout the entertainment.

Mrs. — of 105, Eaton-place, Belgrave, S.W., will certainly recommend all her friends to Mr. and Mrs. Hart of 15, Stockbridge-terrace, Piccadilly, S.W., as the most liberal purchaser of left off clothes, &c.—[ADVT.] Opposite the Victoria District Railway Station is Mr. and Mrs. Hart, 15, Stockbridge-terrace, Piccadilly, the old-established buyers of left-off clothes of all descriptions. P.O.O. remitted for parcels of the above, same day as received. Established 1810.—[ADVT.]

HAVE IT IN YOUR HOUSES—LAMPLUGH'S PYRETIC SALINE is most agreeable and efficacious in preventing and curing Fevers, Eruptive Complaints, and Inflammation. Use no substitute, for it is the only safe antidote, having peculiar and exclusive merits. It instantly relieves the most intense headache and thirst; and, if given with lime-juice syrup, is a specific in gout and rheumatism.—Sold by all Chemists, and the Maker, 113, Holborn-hill, London.—[ADVT.]

HEAL ALL!!—For Bruises, Chilblains, Rheumatism, Lumbago, &c., no embrocation equals "Dredge's Heal All." Of all chemists, 1s. 1d. a bottle.—[ADVT.]

ALL WHO COUGH, SING, OR HAVE COLDS should read the following from S. Pearssall, Esq., Vicar Choral Lichfield Cathedral.—"I am suffering much from this unhealthy season. Send me a few boxes of Dr. LOCOCK'S PULMONIC WAFERS, as they alone afford me relief." Sold at 1s. 1d. per box.—[ADVT.]

MUSIC.

CARL ROSA OPERA COMPANY.

SUCCESS continues to attend the operations of the Carl Rosa Opera Company, and repetitions of *Carmen* and *Rienzi* have attracted crowded audiences to Her Majesty's Theatre. Special interest attached to the repetition of *The Lily of Killarney* on Wednesday last, when Sir Julius Benedict was announced to conduct the performance of his popular opera. *Rienzi* will be repeated at an afternoon performance to-day, and *Carmen* will be repeated this evening. At the present moment no fresh announcements have been made, but it has been proposed to revive Ignaz Brüll's opera, *The Golden Cross*. We doubt whether this revival would be judicious. Brüll's opera was not remarkably successful when produced last spring at the Adelphi Theatre, and it is less likely to succeed in so large an arena as that of Her Majesty's Theatre. There seems, indeed, little need to change the present attractive programme, and the unbroken success which has attended *Carmen* and *Rienzi* shows that it is possible to secure a "run" for operas when placed on the stage with the liberality, taste, and musical conscientiousness always evident in the operations of the Carl Rosa Opera Company.

MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR.

Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir gave their opening concert last week at St. James's Hall, and—with excellent taste—the opportunity was taken to show courtesy to the French musicians, by whom the Leslie Choir were cordially received at the recent Paris Exhibition. The programme of this "International Concert" included no less than eight illustrations of modern French composers, including an important choral work, described as a "Religious Symphony," composed by M. Bourgault-Ducoudray, who was invited from Paris to conduct the final rehearsals and the public performance of his work. The composer was warmly welcomed by the large audience and the choir, and his symphony proved to be a masterly composition, of the severely classical school. It presented few original features, but was enriched with effective harmonies and excellent counterpoint. The first three movements, "Gratulation," "Passio," and "Vivus resurgit Christus" were the best portions of the work. The last-named movement was familiar to the choir, as it was the test-piece they had sung at sight when competing, at the Paris Exhibition, for the Grand Prix, which they triumphantly won. This exceedingly difficult movement was splendidly sung, and was followed by a tribute of applause to the composer, as well as to the choir. The fourth movement, "Desiderium Cœli," comprised soprano and bass solos, sung by Miss Thursby and Mr. Thurley Beale, with vocal accompaniments sung by the choir à bouches fermées, and intended to give the effect of "celestial voices, singing without words." The result was unsatisfactory, and the nasal tones emitted by the choristers—singing with closed lips—were so far from being "celestial" that at times they became ludicrous. It would have been better to let the choristers sing words of some sort, and it would have been easy to find sentiments which angels might appropriately express while listening to the fervent aspirations for heavenly bliss uttered by the solo singers. Choral accompaniments, sung with closed lips, can seldom prove otherwise than comic. It was amusing to watch the struggles of the choristers when they had to emit high notes. Many of them were obliged to open their lips in order to produce these notes, and the effect intended by the composer was consequently missed. The device is a poor one, under any circumstances, and is least of all excusable in ecclesiastical music. The concluding "Gloria" was weak and commonplace, and the symphony ended with an anti-climax. We must object to the title affixed to M. Ducoudray's work. A symphony should consist of a certain number of well-defined movements, with a finale in which the preceding themes should recur. Bach was satisfied with the title of "motet," and that title should content M. Ducoudray. The concert opened with Gounod's "Marche Romaine," ably played by Mr. J. C. Ward on Messrs. Bryceson's new organ, a well voiced instrument, sufficiently powerful for the hall. Gounod's "Nazareth" was sung by Mr. Thurley Beale and the choir, and also the same composer's "Ave verum," composed expressly for the Leslie choir. The "Ave verum" is well harmonised, but is not remarkable for originality of theme. Much more acceptable was the "Prayer in F" for organ solo, composed by Alexandre Guilmant, probably the greatest of living organists. This beautiful composition was excellently played by Mr. J. C. Ward. The hymn, "Dieu, protège la France," composed by M. Laurent de Rillé for the festival of the French Orphéonists at the Paris Exhibition last year, and arranged by the composer for the Leslie choir, was a special feature in the programme; but failed to realise the anticipations which had been awakened. The melody is neither original nor impressive, and there was nothing in the harmony to deserve distinct praise. When sung at the Paris Exhibition it was received with enthusiasm, but on that occasion patriotic sentiment counted for something, besides the stupendous volume of sound produced by the 2,000 choristers who joined in the hymn. The Polacca from the *Mignon* of M. Ambroise Thomas was brilliantly sung by Miss Thursby, and the list of French compositions terminated with Félicien David's ever-welcome Romance "O ma maitresse," from *Lalla Rookh*, sung with exquisite taste by Mr. McGuckin. The remainder of the programme consisted of well-known and popular solos and concerted pieces, sung by Miss Thursby, Miss Bradwyn, Mr. McGuckin, and Mr. Beale. Mr. Arthur Sullivan, Royal Commissioner for British Musical Art at the Paris Exhibition, was invited by Mr. Leslie and his choir to take part in this interesting concert, and accompanied Miss Thursby in his "Orpheus with his lute" and Miss Bradwyn in "The Lost Chord." Mr. Leslie conducted with his never failing skill and taste, and the famous choir fully maintained the high reputation they have long enjoyed.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

The Sacred Harmonic Society yesterday week performed Spohr's oratorio, *The Last Judgment*, and Mozart's 12th Mass, and have the courage to call the latter work by its proper name, instead of propitiating English churchmen by styling it a "service." We rejoice to find that our remonstrances have proved successful, and we are also glad to say that the glorious "12th Mass in C" was splendidly executed. Spohr's oratorio was equally well interpreted, and the concert was one of the most meritorious ever given at Exeter Hall. The solo singers were Mrs. Osgood, Madame Enriquez, Mr. Bernard Lane, and Mr. Lewis Thomas; organist, Mr. Willing; and conductor, Sir Michael Costa. *Elijah* was announced for last night, with Miss Anna Williams, Mrs. Patey, Mr. Lloyd, and Mr. Santley in the chief rôles.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

At the Crystal Palace Concert on Saturday last Herr Xavier Scharwenka's pianoforte concerto in B flat minor was played for the second time in England, and—on this occasion—the composer himself was pianist. Herr Scharwenka has gained high renown abroad, both as composer and executant, and his magnificent

playing on Saturday last elicited enthusiastic applause. Without disparagement to the ability of the excellent artist by whom the B flat minor concerto was first introduced to the British musical public, it must be admitted that it derived fresh lustre from the interpretation given to it on Saturday last by its creator. In the most intricate passages Herr Scharwenka preserved the thread of his musical story, and the clearness of his ideas never became obscured by the abundance of surrounding ornamentation. He is, in truth, a marvellous pianist, and the variety of his resources was exhibited in masterly renderings of Liszt's "Rossignol," Schumann's "Nacht-stück," and a transcription of an air by Pergolesi, followed by a "staccato" study, of the player's own writing. The chief feature in the concert was Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise*, sung by Miss Robertson, Madame Louisa Mills, Mr. McGuckin, and the Crystal Palace Choir, assisted by Mr. Willing as organist. The familiar work was well executed, under the skilful direction of Mr. Manns.

The second of the Saturday Popular Concerts, given on the first Saturday in each month at the Langham Hall, Great Portland-street, took place on Saturday last, the first portion of the concert being devoted to the works of Handel and Haydn. Handel's fantasia, popularly known as "The Harmonious Blacksmith," was played in admirable style by Miss Bessie Richards, who is rapidly rising to the foremost rank among contemporary pianists, and a highly successful *début* was made by a violoncellist, Herr Otto Lee, in a *largo* by Handel. A number of popular pieces, included in Part 2 of the programme, were executed by able artists, and the concert was conducted by Mr. Sigismund Lehmayr with his usual skill. At the next concert, Saturday, April 5th, selections from Mozart and Beethoven will be presented.

At the Mansion House, on Monday last, a concert was given by the students of the Royal Academy of Music, under the auspices of the Lord Mayor and Corporation. It will be remembered that last year a similar concert was given by the pupils of the rival institution at South Kensington, and it seemed only just that the claims of the R.A. should be recognised by the *paires conscripti* of the city. It will be needless to give details respecting a students' concert, and it will be sufficient to say that the concert was highly satisfactory as a proof—by results—of the excellent teaching provided at the R.A.M. by Professor Macfarren and his staff of skilled assistants.

The third Philharmonic Concert of the season was given on Thursday last, too late for notice this week. Herr Joachim was announced to play—for the second time in England—the new violin concerto by Brahms, and the programme also included two orchestral masterpieces, Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony, and Haydn's grand symphony in E flat, No. 8. Conductor, Mr. W. G. Cousins.

Mr. J. B. Welch, the well-known teacher of singing at the South Kensington Training School, announces his sixth annual concert for Tuesday next at St. James's Hall, when he will be assisted by Mr. Arthur Sullivan and other eminent artists, and the orchestra and chorus will number 250 performers. The programme contains, among other interesting novelties, the tenor scena, "Tis Night," from Mr. Henry Gadsby's cantata, *The Lord of the Isles*, recently produced at Mr. Kuhe's Festival. The scena will be sung by Mr. McGuckin.

The 141st Anniversary Festival of the Royal Society of Musicians will be held on Tuesday next at Willis's Rooms, under the presidency of the Earl of Aberdeen, and a number of eminent musicians will give their aid in the incidental concert. Amateurs can hardly prove the sincerity of their love of music better than by forwarding cheques or post-office orders to the zealous secretary, Mr. Stanley Lucas, 84, New Bond-street, W.

We announced last week that Madame Selina Dolaro intends to produce an important lyric work—a three act opera by a celebrated French composer—at the opening of the Folly Theatre under her management. The English adaptation is written by Mr. Henry Hersee. Madame Dolaro is studying her rôle under the guidance of Signor Randegger.

Mr. W. Wadmore's annual concert took place on Thursday, February 27, at the Myddleton Hall, Islington, when he was assisted by several well-known artists, amongst whom were Miss Palmer and Miss E. Franchi, Mr. Bernard Lane, Mr. Thorndike, Mr. Walter Clifford, and Mr. Ludwig. Signor N. Ferri's successful songs, "From thy lattice" and "A hundred thousand welcomes" (accompanied by the composer), were well sung by Mr. W. Clifford and Miss E. Franchi. This young lady has a good contralto voice, and sings with much taste and expression. Mr. Ludwig was encored for "The Colleen Bawn," and substituted "Thou art passing hence." Mr. Wadmore gained great applause from his manifestly friendly audience. Mr. Fountain Meenably discharged the duties of conductor.

THE DRAMA.

ADELPHI.

It is a pity that Messrs. "Saville Rowe" and Manuel, the authors of the new Adelphi drama, *The Crimson Cross*, did not state frankly the origin of the play. We are told in the programme that the piece is a "romance in four chronicles," whatever that may mean, and further that "an effort has been made to reconstitute an epoch and unfold a vivid picture of old Paris in the 15th century." Moreover we learn, with due amazement at the erudition of the playwrights, that Monstretlet and other authorities have been consulted, with much patronage of those "who have previously treated this romance." So far so good, but it is a little disappointing after such an introduction to find that *The Crimson Cross* is our old friend *Perrinet Leclerc*, a French melodrama, produced first at the Porte St. Martin Theatre in 1832, and revived at the Châtelet in 1875, while versions of it under various names have been played in this country at Covent Garden, the Grecian, and the Surrey. The story has moreover furnished Messrs. Albert Smith and Palgrave Simpson with the groundwork of novels. It is, of course, possible that the authors were not familiar with *Perrinet Leclerc*, and derived their plot from the novels or from some other quarter; but the fact remains that *The Crimson Cross* and the old melo-drama named above are remarkably alike in their leading incidents. It will be asked, however, Was this old piece worth revival and the answer is an unhesitating negative. The plot, such as it is, is exceedingly weak, the situations are of a very conventional kind, and the dialogue, though it possesses some literary merits, cannot make a success of a very chaotic melodrama. We are introduced to a mad king, and to a queen who is in love after a Platonic fashion with a Chevalier Boisredon, and such interest as the piece possesses centres in that love affair. But in the second act the amorous chevalier is murdered once and for all, though many old playgoers expected him to turn up again, and after that the play is simply a succession of isolated incidents. It must be said that while Boisredon is to the fore he uses such fine language that it must have been a relief to the Queen when he was put out of the way. Here, for example, is a passage which, while it shows pretty touches of fancy, exhibits also a lamentable tendency to gushing and overstrained imagery. Boisredon says:—

Thy voice is magic music, Isabel,
And when it falls upon my eager ears
I hear an echo of remembered days.
When I am lost in summer dreams of thee,
I search for echoes of thee in the grass,
Waving in kisses over meadow land.

I trace thy features in the fleecy clouds
That pass and gladden and are lost to me,
And deep at night, when sad and wondering
I gaze upon the jewelled firmament,
It seems as if thy name were set in stars.

After Boisredon's death the Queen's cause is championed by the armoured, Perrinet Leclerc, who admits the Burgundians into Paris, and finally kills her enemy, D'Armagnac, the Constable of France, who early in the piece has ordered the said Perrinet to be castigated. Thus the Queen is triumphant, but no one cares why or how, for by the time she appears on a real horse and the Constable is at bay everyone in the audience has lost all interest in the drama. The unhappy king, who is a feeble replica of Mr. Irving as Louis XI., shows his good sense by trying to escape up a staircase while some of the confusing incidents above narrated are going on, but the authors are merciless and he has to remain to the bitter end. There is no need, however, to say more of the plot of a piece which is hardly likely to occupy the boards for any lengthened period, and we may pass on to the acting. Miss Neilson was energetic as the Queen, and played with considerable power, but she lacked spontaneity, and was far too conventional. Mr. Hermann Vezin gave a fair rendering of the thankless part of D'Armagnac, but here and there he might have infused more life into the impersonation with advantage. Mr. Neville seemed unwontedly depressed by the rôle of Perrinet, possibly from the consciousness that the authors ought to have made a clean breast of it about him; at all events he seemed to lack his usual vivacity. Other parts were fairly sustained, special praise being due to Miss Clara Jucks for her really spirited and clever acting as a young student, who stirs the citizens to revolt. The part is a very tiny one but it was played with wonderful *verve*. For the rest, Mr. H. Ashley's Leclerc showed how a sound low comedian could be extinguished, while Miss Compton's Jacqueline proud that she has still much to learn before attempting even so small a part. *The Crimson Cross* was received with ironical cheers and hisses, and it is certain that the Messrs. Gatti will have to provide a more powerful piece if they wish to attract audiences to the Adelphi.

GAIETY THEATRE.

A particularly neat and lively little operetta, entitled *A Pair of Them*, was given for the first time on Saturday evening, at the Gaiety Theatre, where it may safely be assumed representations of it will be frequent incidents of subsequent programmes. The author is Mr. "Peyton Wrey," whose *Elfin Tree*, with music by Mr. Louis Diehl, was given successfully some time since at the Alexandra Palace by Mr. Carl Rosa's company, Miss Gaylord having made her first appearance in England as Maria in this little work. In the present case the music has been selected—and selected, moreover, with remarkable taste—by Herr Meyer Lütz, chiefly from French sources. The story is slight, and opens in the drawing-room of a Mr. Merryweather at an early hour of the morning. The darkness is illuminated by the entrance of Mrs. Merryweather, who has been to a fancy dress ball, disguised as an Arcadian shepherdess, concerning whose blissful existence she sings a really charming song. She has forgotten her shepherdess's crook, however, and, while absent to fetch it, Mr. Merryweather, in the garb of a cavalier, makes his appearance. Each, in fact, has been to the ball, without acquainting the other of the intended escapade, excuses having in both cases been made to account for a temporary absence. Fearful of being discovered, the gentleman hides under the table, but is detected by the lady, whom, in consequence of her mask and an accent suddenly assumed, he does not recognise. She is keener, and though coquettish at first, presently draws him on to an ardent declaration of love, upon which, unmasking, she reduces him to dire confusion. Each reproaches the other for going out to enjoyment and leaving a faithful partner, who would never have been guilty of such conduct on any account—to suffering and solitude; but each suddenly remembers that the guilt is their own, that there is, in fact, a *Pair of Them*. Reconciliation and promises of amendment follow, and the little piece ends in a merry duet. Besides the song already spoken of, which is capably sung by Miss Wadman as Mrs. Merryweather, there is a song for the cavalier, given not without spirit by Mr. Fawcett, and there are three duets. In the first the flirtation is carried on vigorously; in the second recrimination and reproaches are most musically delivered after the discovery, and the last is the finale. Miss Wadman, a young actress and singer, who is gradually making her mark, played with humour and appreciation, and when Mr. Fawcett has acquired a little more confidence he will give a perfectly adequate presentation of the offended and offending husband. The piece was received with much applause. The well-known comedy, *A Serious Family*, followed, the principal feature of which was the excellent performance of Mr. Maclean as Captain Murphy Maguire.

A Pair of Them will precede *Era Diavolo* this (Saturday) morning, and be given on the following Saturday before *Uncle*.

MARYLEBONE THEATRE.

As pantomime fades from view, drama reasserts itself at the theatres specially devoted to its illustration. The Marylebone audiences never have to complain of lack of variety. Mr. Joseph Cave is in this respect an energetic caterer, and from year's end to year's end supplies his patrons with a seemingly inexhaustible succession of strong melodramas. *Life's Battle: A Story of the River Thames*, is a good specimen of its class, containing as it does enough incident to furnish forth half-a-dozen ordinary plays. It is written by Mr. Henry F. Saville, and the part of Job Rawson, the coiner, was originally designed to suit the late George Belmore. It has, however, fallen to the lot of Mr. Joseph Cave to "create" the character, and he has done so with a thoroughness and force deserving of high praise. Job Rawson is one of those parts peculiar to melodrama. He is an outrageous scoundrel, "well known to the police," yet, at the same time, when the opportunity serves, a humorous dog, a good fellow, and an affectionate father. Mr. Cave brings to the performance of this character an amount of intensity and energy that could not fail to move spectators. When *Life's Battle* was first produced at the Victoria Theatre in August last, we had occasion to express a high opinion of the gentleman's acting in the part, and we can only repeat that it proves Mr. Cave to be a thorough artist. Whether he puts on a jovial mood and sings a rattling ditty to put his enemies off their guard, or whether he be engaged in a deadly struggle with an armed foe, he is equally at home, and the audience follow his movements with unflagging interest. In *Life's Battle* at the Marylebone Mr. Cave is adequately supported by the company and the scenery is good. Indeed, the Marylebone audiences have not had so interesting a representation set before them for a considerable time, and that they fully appreciate the excellence of the entertainment is evident from the hearty applause with which they greet it.

Messrs. Myers, Moore, and Willing are understood to have been successful in their negotiations for the lessening of Drury

Lane Theatre. What will they do with it? A Christy Minstrel posting bills on horseback would at any rate be a performance having the attraction of novelty.

Last Tuesday, the 4th inst., a meeting of a provisional committee, the Marquess Townshend in the chair, was held by the kind permission of the Messrs. Gye at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, for the purpose of establishing a National Theatre and a Royal Dramatic Academy. The meeting was numerously attended, and amongst those present were Mr. Baillie-Cochrane, M.P., Mr. S. Tucker, Rouge Croix, Mr. Mead, Mr. Swinbourne, Mr. Terry, Mr. Clifford Cooper, Mr. Gaston Murray, Mr. W. Rignold, Mr. Belford, Mr. Bolton, Mr. Kelly, Mr. Marriott, Mr. Soutar, and several others. After a short discussion it was unanimously resolved, "That a general meeting of the theatrical profession be called for the consideration of the establishment of a National Theatre, at which meeting the president and vice-presidents be elected."

Mr. Henry Neville purposes producing Zola's *L'Assommoir* at the Olympic, and there can be no doubt that London will be treated to more than one version of this renowned but morbid study of the vices of the poverty-stricken. To fairly adapt the play as it stands will be a difficult task for any playwright. There is an old drama founded on Cruikshank's series of plates called *The Bottle*, which is *L'Assommoir* with a difference. But realism so uncompromising as that of Emile Zola can never be absolutely put upon the stage, and it is as well that this should be so.

The *Two Orphans* will shortly be produced at the Park Theatre. The Messrs. Douglass are showing a praiseworthy determination to make this hitherto unfortunately-managed theatre a success.

On Wednesday last, that clever comedian, Mr. Arthur Williams, who leaves the Surrey to go to the Strand Theatre, took a farewell benefit at the former house. He was most warmly supported by his brother and sister artistes. Perhaps the most entertaining item in the programme was the *Spitalfields Weaver*, in which Mr. Williams gave a very comic impersonation of Simmons.

The *Crimson Cross* at the Adelphi is likely shortly to be replaced by either the *Hunchback* or *Amy Robsart*. With such a strong company as they have got, the Messrs. Gatti ought not to be long in finding a piece that will please the Adelphi audiences.

After Dark has been announced as in preparation for the Park Theatre, with new scenery, which is sure to be attractive, from the able hand of one of our most artistic and experienced scene painters, Mr. Richard Douglass.

REVIEWS.

The Théâtre Français in the Reign of Louis XV. By ALEXANDER BAILLIE COCHRANE, M.P. London: Hurst & Blackett.

The preface to this volume, referring to the forthcoming series of performances to be given in London by the company of the Comédie Française, says: "Those who enjoyed the privileges of attending their representations in 1871, when this distinguished society took refuge in our country from the turmoils of their own, will entertain a grateful appreciation of the permission which has been granted by the French Government. The magnificent Farewell Banquet in the Crystal Palace offered them on the last occasion marked the high consideration in which they were held by the most distinguished personages in the realm. It was a just tribute to the important place which the Théâtre Français fills in public opinion, and to the wisdom of the State in maintaining, by large subsidies, such a high standard of dramatic art. . . . And when we see the important position of the Théâtre Français, and the great influence which it exercises, we may fairly consider whether, if our Government gave State aid to one theatre on condition of its maintaining the highest standard of dramatic art, and of conduct and management, it might not lead to the general elevation of the Drama throughout the country." The author adds, "I should be well satisfied if this volume should aid in directing public attention to this important social question." One naturally expects, after this introduction, something like that earnestness of investigation, and careful arrangement of facts which would put this "important social question" fairly before the British public. Instead of this we have a kind of novel founded upon a few unimportant facts, interesting enough in itself, but having the slightest possible connection with what ought to be the real subject of the book, if its title has any meaning. A few anecdotes of some famous French actors and actresses of the Théâtre Français are in themselves readable and good, but even these are introduced in so purposeless a way that they create impatience rather than pleasure. Some descriptions of persons, costumes, and scenery are also interesting and picturesque, but they fail to render the work anything but a most grievously disappointing one. Yet where could an author have found a subject requiring less aid from fiction, or one more full of romantic facts and incidents, than that which exists in the annals of the Théâtre Français from the year 1680, in which the two rival companies of Parisian players were first united as the Comédiens du Roi, year by year down through the great Revolution to the eventful 1871 already referred to, when its exiled members were playing at the Opera Comique in the Strand, at first to empty benches, and at last to houses so crowded that the highest sums ever paid at its doors were vainly offered for seats? It was in the reign of Louis XV. that the Théâtre Français attained its highest pitch of success and popularity; players and playwrights of the highest eminence then contributed to its glory, and we had every right to expect in a volume bearing the title Mr. Cochrane has given this a work of considerable historic importance and interest instead of the historical novel we have reluctantly perused, well written and worth reading though it undoubtedly is, only it is not what the author has promised us in the title page.

Streets' Indian and Colonial Mercantile Directory for 1878-c.—To all who have business relations in India or the colonies this directory will be of the highest possible value—as useful, in fact, as some compilations on the subject are deceptive. The completeness of Messrs. Streets' directory is very remarkable. Not only are well-known colonies given, but such out-of-the-way places as Java, the Philippine Islands—Cebu and Iloilo—the Bermudas and others are exhaustively treated. Several excellent maps accompany the volume, which is one that must be simply indispensable to all who have correspondents far away.

Messrs. Carters' Farm Seeds.—It can hardly be necessary to draw the attention of practical agriculturists to the catalogue of "Messrs. Carters' Farm Seeds," nor will such readers be surprised to learn that at the late Exposition the firm was awarded five medals. We can only regret that Messrs. Carters' warning against the worthless foreign clover-seed that has obtained, it is to be feared, a considerable sale comes so late in the day. Those who have been once taken in by the "cheap" seed will be wiser for the future. To go into details concerning the new catalogue would occupy much more space than we can possibly afford. Suffice it to say that useful and thoroughly trustworthy information is given on every page of this convenient pamphlet.



Oo Aye! It's been frost & we'll hae curlin' to-morrow!



It's been a terrible storm o' snow!



The Roaring Game



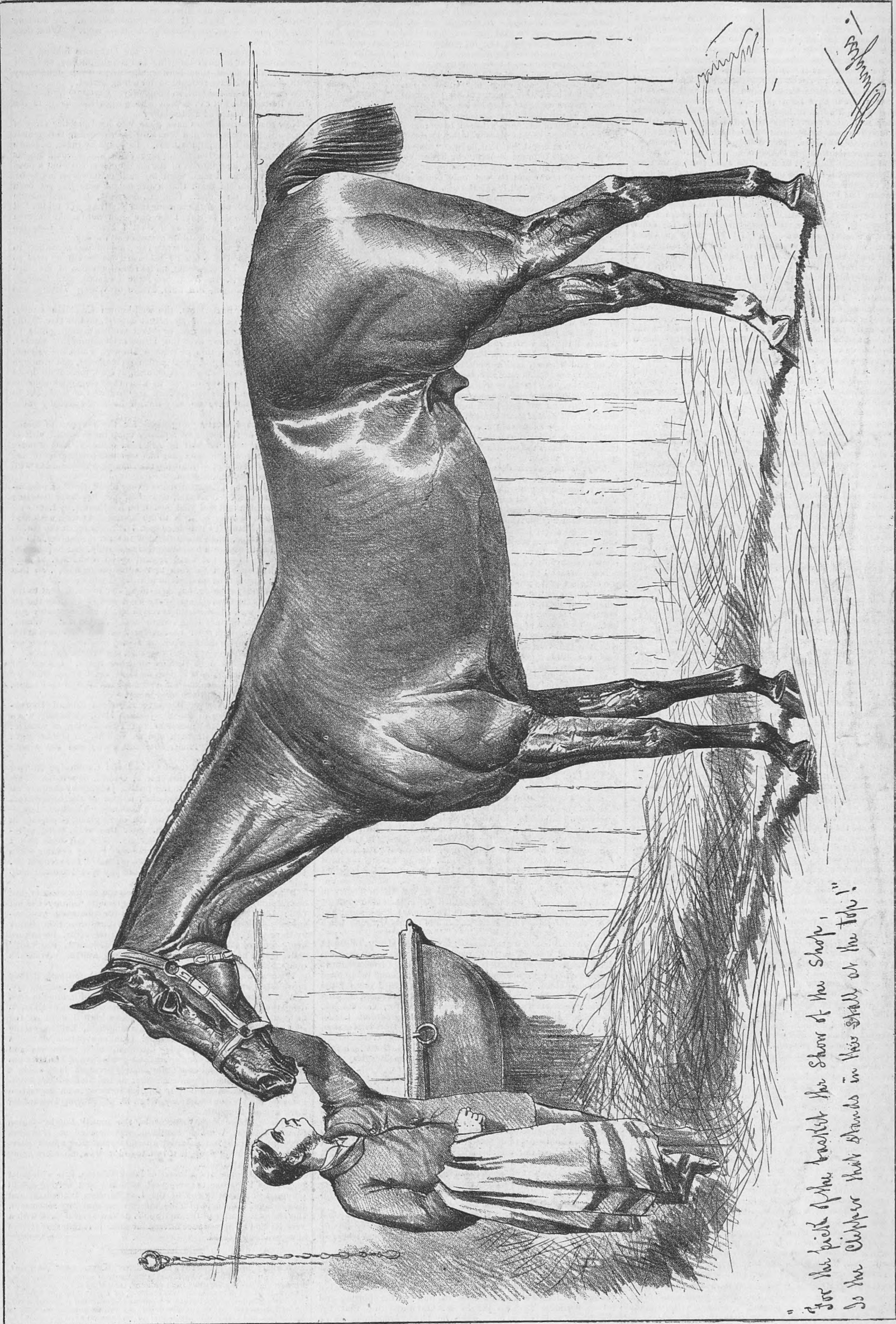
Drawing a post



"Noo Jock I just want ye to crack an egg on this stone"



"Here's luck!"



"For the pick of the basket the show of the shop,
So the Clipper that stands in this stall at the top!"

THE CLIPPER.

TURFIANA.

ENGLISH enterprise has long been proverbial, and whereas a few years ago it would have been deemed the height of folly to send foaling mares to unknown quarters in France, it has lately come to be considered quite the correct thing, and the owners of the haras at Chamant and Meautry have profited accordingly, quite a goodly contingent of "British matrons" having journeyed across to join the family circles of Mortemer, Flageolet, Boiard, and Co. This is no doubt a compliment to our neighbours in France, but it would have been short-sighted policy on the part of our leading breeders not to have recruited their home resources with a dash of foreign blood; and really the trouble and risk of sending mares is not much greater than that attendant upon a railway journey to Yorkshire. Mr. Waring and Mr. Freeman, of Bath, have no reason to regret the visits of their mares to Baron Rothschild's establishment at Meautry, for all of them came back in foal, and critics will have the opportunity of looking them over in the sale ring this summer. It is a much further cry to the locality where The Palmer is now lord of the harem, but this has not deterred Messrs. Cookson and Waring from sending to him, and it is to be hoped they will meet with their reward. The journey there is, of course, too long and tedious for other than barren mares; nor would a foal be likely to come through such an ordeal alive when the mare had to be sent home again. So Lady Audley and Zara were the selected ones, and have safely arrived at their destination at Graditz, where The Palmer dispenses his favours at a very cheap rate indeed as compared with the fee which would be demanded (and readily given) in this country. This stallion is without doubt the greatest loss we have sustained of late years, for nearly all his stock could stay; and so far Rosicrucian has not proved the able substitute we have confidently expected, though his luck with Beauclerc was heart-breaking, and he will no doubt improve upon the form hitherto shown by his descendants. It seems strange that while one brother's get rather erred from excess of length, the tendency of the other's stock should be quite in an opposite direction; but we have seen other "illustrious relatives" differ in this respect, and doubtless Rosicrucian will be all the rage again after such another real clipper as Beauclerc.

From Finstall Park we hear that Pellegrino is likely to have a capital season, and the "new arrivals" by him fully realise the hopes entertained of this well-bred and finely-snaped horse. His owner is wisely giving him every chance by keeping his subscription at a moderate figure, and by giving him some of his best mares; while other breeders have accorded him substantial patronage, and he is a far more shapely and lively stallion than Forerunner, and easier to "get away from" in point of blood. We also hear good accounts of more than one of Cardinal York's two-year-olds, and now that they are coming larger and stronger, the success so confidently predicted of this natty son of Newminster seems likely to be realised at no very distant date. So far they have done well with foals at Finstall Park, where Hermon has wrought great changes for the better during his short tenure of office.

The vexed question of avoidance of nominations by death is still engaging public attention, and there is very much to be said both for the upholders of things as they are and for the advocates of a new régime. For ourselves we should be glad to see the "old order" maintained, seeing that it has worked well during the long period of its continuance, and we cannot but regard as unsatisfactory in the highest degree a recent proposition to permit purchasers of horses nominated by others to "take to" them within a limited period from the time of acquiring them. We do not wish to see the "filtering" process adopted in connection with the great three-year-old races, as it must be to a certain extent if people are to have the right of "crying off," even though their new purchases are still untried; and we fail to perceive that the quality of competitors would be benefited by any relaxation of existing rules. As regards the later date for making nominations to the Derby, Oaks, and St. Leger, and so lifting the responsibility from the shoulders of breeders who sell their produce subsequent to the date of the closing of entries, an alteration at first sight appears to be salutary as well as reasonable; but it must be remembered that racing is essentially a game of chances, and that purchases are from time to time made with the full knowledge that disqualification may ensue. Ancient custom may very reasonably be pleaded in favour of continuing the practice of our forefathers in this respect; and altogether we prefer to abide by the time-honoured code, under which we have rubbed along so comfortably for many years past. Of course the disqualifications of leading Derby favourites are unsatisfactory and inconvenient, but in these days of post-betting the market is much less liable to be upset than formerly, and enforced withdrawal, like those of Peter and Lancastrian, are not common enough to justify the introduction of an alteration, concerning the smooth working of which there must necessarily be some doubt and difficulty. But we shall probably hear of the question being raised in Jockey Club councils as soon as that august body commences its sittings for the year.

Mr. Ellam's reported intention to take time by the forelock in disposing of his yearlings has now assumed a tangible shape, and instead of bidding farewell to Epsom on the Oaks day, we shall have to revisit that classic ground on the Saturday, when the Warren sale will inaugurate the season of 1879. Other breeders will be represented as well as Mr. Ellam, but his own two-and-twenty of course form the *pièce de résistance* of the afternoon's catalogue, and as all are to be sold without reserve, the attendance is sure to be a good one, and the precedent once established, it should be no difficult matter to make it a part and parcel of the Derby week programme in future. The yearlings will of course be on view before racing commences on each of the four days, so that ample opportunities present themselves for "interviewing;" and if Marshal Scott should happen to show a bold front in the race, the half-core youngsters by Ehus should not require much persuasive eloquence from Mr. Fattersall to set them going like wildfire. Of the twenty-two yearlings sixteen are colts—a proportion likely to be attained by few breeders for public sale—and in addition to the home "talent," Ethus and Van Amburgh, Scottish Chief, Speculum, King of the Forest, and others less known to fame have been "requisitioned" for a portion of the juvenile contingent. The dam of Marshal Scott is unfortunately not represented in the catalogue this year, but there are a good many which "read well" on paper by the same sire, though many of the mares are young, and therefore as yet unknown to fame. Altogether the Warren yearlings are by far the largest and most important lot ever brought to the hammer from the Epsom establishment, and as the sale is to be entirely without reserve, a fair judgment upon the capabilities and reputation of the stud will be able to be formed, though times are not, perhaps, sufficiently good to afford a flattering test of the popularity of the venue. We hope to be in a position to furnish our readers with a detailed account of the yearlings before the last Saturday in May, when, given fine weather and good company, success for the new venture may be confidently anticipated.

The First Spring Meeting at Sandown Park, albeit somewhat unworthily "sandwiched" between the opening and concluding days of Streatham, passed off pleasantly enough, the "windy gleams of March" attracting many from their retirement in winter quarters. Thanks to the peculiarities of the soil, the going was far better than most were led to expect, and though the

sport provided was better on paper than in the actual enjoyment thereof, it may fairly be described as "passable," though the Grand Prize failed to provoke much speculation anterior to the hoisting of the numbers. In fact, the ice of the real steeplechase season may be said to have been broken quietly but decisively, and those who live on and by racing can now look forward to a fine month's spell of it, and all the old familiar faces may be reckoned upon at the opening day of Lincoln. With reference to the principal event set down for decision on the "grey flats" within earshot of the voice of "Great Tom," the principal feature has been the advance of Sir Joseph to the headship of affairs, and as we wrote when he occupied a far humbler position, we shall be surprised if the *quondam* Derby favourite does not get back some of his party's losses over that untoward event. That Sir Joseph should have won the Derby we shall not be so foolhardy as to assert, but that he was "himself at all" on the occasion of the big race we most emphatically deny; in fact, the horse was so dead amiss that it took him months instead of days to get round again, and he was only doing really well for a few weeks at the "back end." Midlothian is no great fancy of ours, and of Blanton's lot Greenback holds out most attractions for us, while such good accounts come to hand concerning Tallos that we must perform keep him on the right side. The Russley secret is likely to be well kept to the last, and Robert Peck has quite a quiver-full of candidates; while plenty of outsiders have been backed for small sums, and there is every promise of a good field going down to the post. There are also whispers of more than one two-year-old flyer with the Brocklesby at its mercy, but in these early times the swans vastly outnumber the geese, and every trainer seems to have a youngster good enough to do the trick the first time of asking.

Grand National prospects look brighter than was anticipated by those who were loudest in their lamentations concerning the lack of high-class jumpers; and it is not improbable that three previous winners of the cross-country Derby will find their way to the post on March 28th. Austerlitz, Regal, and Shifnal, the trio alluded to, all find backers, but a very formidable opposition will be arrayed against them, and Bacchus and Marshal Niel both have friends among the public as well as private support. Congress, of course, must have a great chance upon his previous performances, and the Irish lot are once more formidable, so that it is probable the race will maintain its ancient prestige. Of the comparative novices we have at present the most fancy for York, while both Bacchus and Wild Monarch should be held harmless, though there is just the shadow of a doubt as to the latter being able to stand a preparation.

There is not much doing on the Guineas or the Derby, but for the former race we hear that Discord is not only a certain runner, but a very probable winner, and really on his form with Victor Chief, Mr. Christopher's colt appears as promising a candidate as either Cadogan or Lancastrian, for neither of which do we entertain any particular fancy for the Rowley Mile contest. Ruperra goes very healthily in the market for both his Newmarket and Epsom engagements; but in the case of this candidate it will be better to wait before taking for granted the flaming reports relative to his having got the better of the ailment which afflicted him last year. Rayon d'Or is another animal we should prefer to see again in public before backing him, as he was rather a helpless, sprawling customer last season, and only showed glimpses of form, from which nothing certain could be deduced. Matthew Dawson is certain to have a pretty good favorite at last, and we shall be surprised if Marshal Scott does not prove to be the sheet anchor of Heath House, and Mr. Ellam's colt may be a thorn in the side of the best of them, now that the field has been "levelled downwards" owing to Peter's disqualification.

After all, it appears, we are not to lose the Master of the Buckhounds just yet, the report of his going into exile in Tasmania having received emphatic contradiction. We hope his luck on the turf may now take a turn for the better; but at present the mantle of the Kentish baronet seems to have fallen upon his shoulders without effect, and the fortunes of that very expensive purchase, Nigel, have been none of the cheeriest.

SKYLARK.

ATHLETICS, CRICKET, AQUATICS, &c.

OUR cricketers in Australia have not been doing themselves over and above much credit up to the present time. Latest cablegrams bring intelligence of their defeat by an eleven of Victoria, on the 23rd, 24th, and 25th of last month, and a draw against twenty-two of Sanhure on the two following days. In the first-mentioned match our men went in first, and scored 325; the Victorians only made 261, but the English eleven having obtained but 171 in their second innings, the Antipodean team ran together the required 236 with the loss of eight wickets. Somewhat unsatisfactory was the two-days' match, as it was all in favour of Lord Harris's team, which accumulated 304 in their first innings, whilst the twenty-two only made 141, and, following on, had added but 100 more runs at the expense of twenty wickets, when the stumps were drawn.

Followers of the hare and hounds mania had plenty to do in the London district on Saturday last, as the South London Harriers, the Isledon Harriers, and the Railway Clearing House Harriers all held genuine competitions the first-named being open to all other clubs. No fewer than thirty-six turned out for the S.L.H. affair (distance, about five miles), and C. Traves, Spartan Harriers, with 1min 50sec start, proved the victor, G. Stanley, Hampstead Harriers, on the same mark being second, beaten twenty seconds, just clear of J. W. Simmonds, S.L.H., 4min 20sec, who was third, the fourth man being T. K. Sachs, T. H. and H. and Otter S.C. 3min 45secs, J. E. Dixon, Clapton Beagles, 3min, 11th, and G. Pescod, Clapton Beagles, 2min 45secs, sixth—time of the winner, 33min 25secs. Only what is erroneously but commonly called a "baker's dozen," turned out for the Isledon Five Miles Challenge Cup, J. Horvath, 4min 30secs start, winning in 34min 10secs; L. Hooper, 2min, being second, and H. C. Longman, 2min 10secs, third. Twenty-one started for the R.C.H. Five-and-a-Half Miles Members Steep chase which produced a fine contest, Richards, 3½min, winning by 15 yards only in 43min 26secs, Ashford, 3min, second, Mayer, 4½min, third, and the scratch man, whose time was 41min 20secs, fourth.

Practice runs also took place in connection with the Clapton Beagles and Finsbury Rifle Clubs, a couple of associations who are likely to make their mark in open competitions during the forthcoming season if all I hear be true.

At half-past eight on Saturday evening, March 8, the first meeting of the Association for the Encouragement of Boxing will be held at St. James's Hall, Piccadilly, and next week, so my Editor informs me, we shall give a page of illustrations.

What twaddle a lot of writers are indulging in over Weston still. I think the best thing for him would be to let the doings of the past six weeks pass into oblivion. I, however, should like to know what feat he really did perform, as a careful perusal of the reports forwarded from time to time to the sporting and other journals by the judges has informed me that the "wobbler" rode or walked when he liked, sometimes with a judge, sometimes without, and occasionally took short cuts. Moreover, upon reliable authority, I can state that the walking

was of a very queer character, but then, perhaps, I do not know what walking is. The subjoined answer to correspondents in the penny bi-weekly has driven all past experience of walking proper out of my head. It is:—"Southampton. *In walking both feet must be on the ground at the same time.*" What does this mean?

There is at present little chance of the Oxonians finding a fit representative at hammer-throwing and weight-putting, and I for one think it is about time both competitions were done away with—the public have thought so for a long period.

Weston is so abstemious, so people say. Certainly he does not drink intoxicants, but can a man who gorges like he is in the habit of doing be called abstemious?

Now that the rival blues have gone into hard practice some of the sporting papers have not been slow in introducing this annual affair into their betting quotations. To judge by these, odds are being freely laid on the Cambridge eight, and it would appear thus early that the followers of the darker colour have but a poor chance of victory. I must warn my readers, however, not to be "gulled;" I do not think that a five pound note has yet been genuinely put on either. Reports, certainly, are unfavourable towards Oxford, but if the rumour that Marriott will fill his old position in the boat be true, I for one shall not forsake the men of the Isis, more especially as if what I hear be the fact, the Cantabs are not unlikely to be overdone on the day.

Saturday last was St. David's Day, and it was according to custom celebrated at Kion by the usual procession up river to Surley Hall. The crews out, under the supervision of the captain of the boats, L. West, were the Defiance, St. George, Thetis, Dreadnought, Britannia, Prince of Wales, Victory, and Monarch.

On Monday next Ross, the well-known Canadian sculler, will make his début, in an actual contest, on this side of the globe, as on that day he rows or rather sculls a match against F. Emmett, of Yarrow, over the Thames Championship Course. Ross is under the tuition of George Drewitt, whilst the veteran, J. Clasper, is putting the final polish on Emmett, and although the latter has been suffering from a slight cold, there is no doubt both men will on the day be as fit as their respective mentors can make them. My impressions are in favour of Ross, but he will yet I fancy have no easy task, if he do not actually suffer defeat.

The promised meeting organised for the purpose of taking the opinion of the lovers of aquatics upon the proposed visit of Elliott to oppose Trickett in Australia came off last Monday evening, at Newcastle-on-Tyne, but was not productive of any result other than that of allowing the champion to come out with a little more self-glorification.

What have the Trickett division to say about the "championship of the world"? I wonder, now their pet has been defeated for a champion belt and gold medal, on level terms, by Laycock?

Although skating is, it is to be hoped, done with until next winter, the National Committee met last Saturday at the Guildhall, Cambridge, when it was decided to form themselves into an association to establish a Skating Championship, and to promote, ascertain, and last, not least, reward speed in skating. I hope they will at once get to work and settle preliminaries, so that when we have a frost no delay in utilising it will occur.

Last Monday evening, having nothing else to do, I went to the Lambeth Baths Gymnasium to see what sort of an affair the six days' walk was. Considering everything, I was agreeably surprised at the manner things were being carried out. Woofe, George Ide's novice, must be not far from first-class form at the game if he goes on all the week as I saw him doing during my stay; his action is even more tiring than the Woolwich ped's.

Howes wants to walk Perkins for three hours. I hope the match will come off, as if it does we shall see, I fancy, what we have never seen before, and once seen are not likely to see again, as the old country showmen used to say.

Next Saturday Joseph Bennett's American Billiard Tournament will commence at the St. James's Hall, Piccadilly, when the players will be the promoter and Tom Taylor, at scratch; Alf. Bennett, Fred. Beunett, and G. Collins, 50 points start; Lloyd, Richards, and Hunt, 80 points each; and the winner will want finding.

If my advice be correct, the Oxford and Cambridge Billiard Matches are to take place this year at Oxford, *in private*. This stipulation will be no loss to the public, judging by the play on the last four or five occasions, when neither of the competitors could perform up to the calibre of a Cockney "prentice" boy.

Old John Roberts, once champion of England, is playing in an American tournament at Manchester this week, being in receipt of 25 points in 500 from Fielding. The last time that I saw him compete was on that memorable Friday evening when the pupil beat the master, and as the picture of the scene at St. James's Hall flashes once more before my eyes I cannot help soliloquising *tempora mutantur*.

Bicycling has been rather quiet during the severe weather, but on Saturday afternoon last, at the Leicestershire County Cricket Ground, a handicap (distance, one mile), for amateurs, was successfully decided. R. W. Edlin, 110 yards start, proved the winner by three yards, from W. Parr, Leicester, 60 yards, he in turn being ten yards in advance of J. Aston, of Leicester, 100 yards' start, J. C. Flinn, of Derby, 60 yards, being fourth. Winner's time, 3min 13 1-5sec.

What a strange thing it is that accidents at football, if they prove fatal, are made so much of, and one hears people say, "Well, what can you expect if men and boys will indulge in such dangerous pastime?" I have followed amateur sport of all kinds for years, and have seen gentlemen "jocks" killed dead on the spot in steeple-chases and in the hunting-field, fielders totally struck and killed at cricket, more than one person shot at a pigeon-match, several people drowned, both swimmers and non-swimmers, and the one sport least productive of fatalities has been football. A fatal case unfortunately occurred last week, a young fellow, named Ross, a member of the Staffordshire Football Association succumbing to injuries received in an association game on the previous Saturday, when he was playing forward for Leek against Longton.

After a series of postponements, the annual Rugby Union Match, East v. West or Scotland, was decided at Hamilton Crescent, Partick, last Saturday afternoon, and after a most determined and exciting struggle it resulted in a draw, no score being obtained on either side.

Being an enthusiastic admirer of Izaak Walton, it is with great regret that I hear on the very best authority that netting is still going on to a great extent in the Lea, between Tottenham and Lea Bridge. A friend of mine informs me that very recently in the Hebrew quarter of the metropolis he saw several jack with a very River Lea appearance offered for sale. It is time this style of thing was suppressed.

EXON.

WORMS in a RETRIEVER.—"Cross Keys, near Newport, Mon., April 1, 1878.—A very valuable Retriever of mine had been losing his coat and looking very thin, and although treated by a Veterinary and a Dog Fancier, he did not in any way improve, so I gave him one-half of a Na dire's Powder, and in twenty-five minutes he evacuated 27 feet of a very broad tapeworm. My dog is now doing very well on one-half the food he had before, and I say with others that no one possessing dogs should be without Naldire's Powders.—C. Lewis." Sold by all chemists, price 2s., 3s. 6d., and 5s. each, and by Barclay and Sons, 95, Farringdon Street, London.—[ADVT.]

BY-THE-BYE,

that case of Nunn v. Hemming, and the swallowing of three gold studs, on which "Rapiet" recently commented in these pages, reminds me of a story told of Lord Chancellor Loughborough. He was examining a man against whom his heirs wished to take out a statute of lunacy. He observed him attentively, and put various questions, to all of which he returned pertinent and sensible answers. "This man mad!" thought the Chancellor; "why, he is one of the ablest men I ever met with." Just then, by way of hint, he received a piece of paper on which was written the word "Ezekiel." Taking his cue, Lord Loughborough led the conversation towards poetry.

"What fine poetry," said the Chancellor, "is in Isaiah!" "Very fine, especially when read in the original Hebrew," was the reply.

"And how grandly Jeremiah wrote." "Surely!" exclaimed the supposed madman.

"What a genius, too, was Ezekiel." "Ah!" exclaimed the man, with a chuckle of intense gratification. And then, lowering his voice, he added, "I'll tell you a secret: I am Ezekiel."

But for that slight clue the man's madness—or, as I should rather say, monomania—might have escaped detection. And, after all, how many men and women whose sanity is never doubted are, on certain points, as decidedly mad as he who thought he was Ezekiel. Nor again should it be forgotten that fits of insanity are sometimes occasional, and that in the intervals between them the patients may be perfectly sane. Dr. Abercrombie used to tell of a clergyman brought before a jury in Scotland to be what was called *cognosced*—in other words, to be legally declared incapable of managing his own affairs. One of the strongest points against him was the fact of his having destroyed by fire a valuable library. He accounted for this act, as he did for other acts of apparent insanity, very reasonably.

"In the early part of my life," said he, "I had imbibed a passion for a very unprofitable study—namely, controversial divinity. On reviewing my library, I found a great part of it to consist of books of this description, and I was so anxious that my family should not be led to follow the same pursuits that I determined to burn the whole."

In this case the jury found no sufficient ground for cognoscing him, and yet within a fortnight that clergyman was pronounced by medical opinion and general consent hopelessly insane.

It is well-known that in cases of what is called *Dænomania*, which is perhaps the most terrible form of insanity known, the patient usually retains full possession of his faculties, and with the exception of believing that he or she is possessed by the devil, is capable of talking sensibly on the ordinary subjects, and will even argue with considerable force and effect on the aberration from which they suffer so dreadfully.

There is, by the-by, a curious story told of the madness of poor old Prévile, the once great actor of the Théâtre Français. He had retired from the stage when that fearful Revolution of the eighteenth century deprived him, in his seventy-seventh year, first, of his pension, and secondly, of the larger portion of his income, property of all kinds having then deteriorated to an alarming extent. Moreover, the death of his wife had strongly affected him, and he was altogether in a feeble, desponding condition, when his daughter, Madame Guesdon, removed him from Paris to reside with her at Beauvais, where her husband held the post of Receiver-General. There, after a distressing interval of mental aberration, in the course of which he lost his sight, Prévile ended his days. He had been terribly impressed by the horrors he witnessed at Paris in the Reign of Terror, and during the period of his insanity the delusion which haunted him was that of being imprisoned by the Revolutionists, in company with all the great victims whose tragical deaths he had deplored. At such times he would converse aloud with these creatures of his imagination, and it was singular to observe with what an appearance of sanity he would reply to the questions he imagined he heard, while at the same time his mental faculties appeared to be utterly incapable of understanding questions actually put to him. Rational reflections, witty comments, and lively responses would come readily from him in response to the unheard words of his fancy, but to audible remarks made by his beloved daughter, or the physician, whom he always treated with profound respect, he would respond with the most vague inconsequential utterances, clearly showing that he did not understand them. The prison, the iron bars, the gaolers, the commissioners of the Convention, and a crowd of prisoners belonging to all ranks and stations in life, were as real to the poor blind madman as such things could be; but no outward sign or sound could impress him with the slightest idea of their existence. Vainly Madame Guesdon led him up and down in the glowing sunshine of her pretty garden, plucking flowers for him that he might inhale their perfume, and talking of surrounding objects, or took him for long drives where the sounds of birds and water and rustling leaves might suggest freedom and the open air. The poor old actor felt nothing but the icy coldness of his dungeon, still complained as bitterly of the damp, heavy, bone-chilling vapour which prevailed in it. At last the good daughter, out of the loving tenderness of her heart, conceived a new plan. She entered into and encouraged his delusion—got up a sham trial, pretended she had bribed the judges, employed real advocates of no mean celebrity to argue the case before her blind father, who now seemed to understand all that was said to him, listened to every fresh communication with marked anxiety and attention, joined in consultation with his lawyers, and gave them instructions. Hope seemed to break through the darkness of his despair, he grew more cheerful, began to sleep more regularly and for longer intervals at night. Everything was done to keep up the hopeful deception, and prevent the quick perception newly awakened in poor blind Prévile from the dreaded shock of discovering how he was deceived. A long and learned debate in what was supposed to be the court, was conducted with the utmost solemnity and earnestness, each side appealing to and quoting from the criminal code—the result being a mutual understanding by which it was agreed that by no possibility could the prisoner be condemned to capital punishment. Strange to say, the brooding horror of death on the scaffold was thus at once removed from the actor's mind, and on the evening of that portion of the anxious daughter's tragic and elaborate farce Prévile, for the first time during his malady, enjoyed a sound, refreshing sleep. The plot now went out into the streets, where the public crier and a crowd of sympathising villagers played parts in it. Prévile sitting by the open window heard the town crier announcing the presentation for signatures of a "Justificatory memorial of the worthy citizen Prévile, the friend and father of the poor, who had been unjustly accused," &c., &c. He heard, too, the villagers, whose glances were turned sorrowfully upwards to the mad actor's thin, white face, and the tearful eyes of his darling daughter, speaking of his innocence and the shameful treatment he had received. Then, gracious sign! tears welled over from the sightless orbs, and trickled down the wasted cheeks, and hope was stronger than ever in the breast of the Receiver-General's excellent wife.

On the day of trial the plot culminated in the Great Hall of Breces, where, before the Revolution, the Comtes Evêques had sat in judgment. The register of the Criminal Tribunal played

in this strange drama. The judges had consented to preside, and the villagers, entering fully into the generous plot of the whole affair, smiling and arching their eyebrows now and then, we may be sure, but otherwise discreetly sober and quiet, crowded the audience portion of the court. There were trained crowds also to see the prisoner arrive, and encourage him by their vociferation, and when, pale and agitated, he entered the court, supported by his daughter and his grandson, fresh exclamations awaited him, which the president and officers of the court sternly repressed. Never before was so strange a drama so carefully rehearsed, or so well performed. All the usual forms of solemn trial were observed, the examination of witnesses, cross-examinations, pleadings, counter-pleadings, &c.—nothing was wanting that would have been present had the trial been a real one, and the life of Prévile really in the balance. The sequel is foreseen. A verdict unanimously given of "Not Guilty,"—an irrepressible outburst of joyous triumph from the spectators—the poor, blind, old actor, trembling and tearful, receiving the heartiest congratulations—a crowd cheering him in what he supposed to be the streets, as they carried him in his chair through his daughter's garden, the bearers crying, "Make way! make way!" as if impeded by the vast concourse of people. And last, but not least strange of all this strange, true story, a sane man reposing in the bosom of his delighted family, once more dreaming of the stage and the old glories of the grand old Théâtre Français. Thus ended two years of madness, and from that time forth Prévile never again exhibited the slightest trace of mental aberration. Who shall say that fact is not stranger than fiction after that?

A. H. DOUBLEVYEV.

WEEKLY MUSICAL REVIEW.

DUFF & STEWART, 147, Oxford-street.—"Sabbath," price 3s., sacred song; written by Mrs. Hemans, composed by W. C. Levey. This is an effective song for contralto or barytone. The song, although of what is called the "sacred" character, is not of a devotional kind. The verses are not the best of their kind, but are sufficiently interesting, and the melody is remarkably flowing and characteristic.—"Tell her not when I am gone," price 3s.; words by Hamilton Aïde, music by Mr. H. Boyle. A graceful song, with an unaffectedly simple and pretty melody attached to poetical words.—"The Lady Edith," waltz, price 4s., by C. A. Kennedy. Of the making of many waltzes there is no end, and it seems well-nigh impossible to invent new waltz melodies. If Mr. Kennedy has failed to find complete novelty, he has arranged familiar materials with skill, and his "Lady Edith Waltzes" will please wherever they may be heard.—"Blonde et Brune," price 4s.; waltz, composed by G. Lamotte. This waltz has already become popular, and the pianoforte arrangement will be welcomed by amateurs, both for its musical merits and for its value in reference to dancing purposes. The title-page is adorned with coloured pictures of "blonde" and "brune" young ladies.—"Retraite Militaire," price 3s., by G. Bachmann, is described as a "caprice march pour piano." It is capricious enough, but presents little to merit praise.—"Chanson Allemande," price 3s., by the same composer, is a pianoforte solo which may be useful as an exercise for young pupils, but is almost entirely devoid of musical interest or originality.

J. BATH, 40, Great Marlborough-street, W.—"A hundred thousand welcomes," price 4s., song; words arranged by Madame L. D. Ferri from a poem found in Hayes' "Ballads of Ireland," music by N. Ferri. There is no special charm or poetical merit in the homely words of this lyrical embodiment of the Hibernian salutation, "Cead mille falthea," and it may be remarked that a hope which is not only "sweet" but "certain" ceases to be a hope. Signor Ferri's music is tuneful and sympathetic, and ought to ensure the success of the song. This gentleman not only possesses the enviable gift of melody, but is able to enrich his themes with ably-written harmonies, and his accompaniments are not only effective but varied, according to the sentiments the singer has to express.

T. BENSTED, 6, Castle-terrace, Richmond.—"Die Nachmittags Tänze in Richmond," waltz, price 2s. net, by H. Wilhelmstock. The name of the composer is not familiar to us, but he is evidently a practised hand at waltz-writing. In the four waltzes and coda before us there is an abundance of sprightly melody; the pianoforte arrangement has been well written, and this "Midnight-dance at Richmond" deserves to become popular wherever piquant music is appreciated as an adjunct to midnight dances.

MR. G. W. MOORE'S ANNUAL BENEFIT.

On Tuesday last, morning and evening performances were given by the Moore and Burgess Minstrels at St. James's Grand Hall, assisted by numerous professional ladies and gentlemen of eminence. Many of the songs introduced by the minstrels were new, introducing, happily and alternately, comic and pathetic elements, "Den keep in de middle ob de road," with its swinging chorus, went with sprightly vigour, whatever may be said of the taste of its writer. "Touch, touch the heart gently" was revived with excellent effect, and awakened loud and continuous applause. "I'm Captain of the Awkward Squad" went right merrily, and Mr. Sydney Herbert's pathetic song, "Perished in the snow," was given with great feeling. A new bass "Song of the god Vulcan" was enthusiastically received. Miss Constance Loseby and Miss Emily Soldene gave a duet. Mr. Lionel Brough recited to music a comic song detailing the doings of a man determined to be original. Miss Helen Barry recited a charming poem with excellent elocution, and in parts with considerable dramatic power. Mr. Charles Collette appeared in costume as Hans Pumpernickel, and explained his pedigree with great humour and amusing effect, singing also one of the songs belonging to Hans. Mr. Alfred Vance sang several of his comic character songs, and the Girards went through their singular leg-performances. Mr. E. Terry, Miss E. Farren, and Mr. E. Royce gave, very cleverly, a scene from a popular burlesque; a performance on the zither was given, and other selections came upon us thick and fast, making the afternoon one of the most brilliantly amusing we have had the pleasure of seeing. The hall was densely crowded.

THE Chatterton Benefit took place on Monday, and must have resulted in the collection of a very handsome amount for the *beneficiaries*. The attractive programme was gone through to the evident appreciation of a large audience, and those who generously gave there services must be gratified to know how warmly they were esteemed.

ROYAL DRAMATIC FUND.—To what extent the eloquence of Mr. Douglas Straight, as chairman at the dinner, helped to the result cannot be precisely ascertained, but the late meeting was, from that most important point of view, the pecuniary, highly successful. Mr. Douglas Straight has written some capital stories, and if he were not so deeply interested in dramas of real life, he would no doubt be able to supply the stage with something far above the average.

PRINCIPAL RACES PAST.

STREATHAM MEETING.

MONDAY.

A HUNTERS' HURDLE RACE.—Mr. J. M. Marsh's Aunt Marion (late Frivolous) (Owner), 1; Annette, 2; Lady Day, 3. Four ran. The MITCHAM HURDLE HANDICAP PLATE was declared void. A SELLING STEEPLECHASE PLATE.—Mr. A. Poole's Minnie (Hales), 1; Abdallah, 2; Melitta, 3. Four ran. AN OPEN HUNTERS' FLAT RACE.—Mr. J. Paxton's Rothschild (Mr. R. Shepherd), 1; Discord, 2; Little Fawn, 3. Four ran. A SELLING HURDLE STAKES.—Mr. J. M. Marsh's Curator (Owner), 1; Shortgrove, 2; Spinster, 3. Five ran. The NOKBURY HANDICAP STEEPLECHASE PLATE.—Mr. A. Poole's St. Pee's (Hales), 1; Pinafore, 2; Precocious Peg, 3. Four ran.

THURSDAY.

A HANDICAP HURDLE PLATE.—Mr. W. Morgan's Revoke (E. Page), 1; Oona, 2; Anchorite, 3. Five ran. A HUNTERS' FLAT RACE.—Mr. F. Knight's Annette (Mr. Barnes), 1; Carline, 2; Little Fawn, 3. Three ran. A SELLING HANDICAP STEEPLECHASE.—Mr. A. Poole's Minnie (Hales), 1; Melitta, 2; King Sweep, 3. Five ran. The STREATHAM OPEN HANDICAP STEEPLECHASE.—Mr. A. Poole's St. Bees (Hales), 1; Jupiter, 2. Two ran. A SELLING HANDICAP HURDLE RACE.—Mr. S. Savage's Cowslip (Baverstock), 1; Shortgrove, 2; Forget-me-not, 3. Six ran. MATCH.—Mr. G. Johnson's Black Diamond (Owner), 1; Curator, 2. Two ran. A HUNTERS' STEEPLECHASE PLATE.—Mr. Sherwood's Lord Hawke (E. Page), 1; Annette, 2. One ran.

SANDOWN PARK MEETING.

TUESDAY.

A SELLING STEEPLECHASE.—Mr. J. R. Riddell's Royal Charlie (Neale), 1; Mimulus, 2; Pinafore, 3. Four ran. The CARDINAL'S HANDICAP HURDLE RACE.—Prince Hatzfeldt's Bancks (J. Sairs), 1; Bonchurch, 2; Financier, 3. Seven ran. The SANDOWN OPEN HUNTERS' STEEPLECHASE.—Mr. Pullen's Goldfinder (Mr. Hanbury), 1; Lady Curlew, 2. Five ran. A SELLING HURDLE RACE.—Mr. W. G. Steven's Montague Square (H. Davis), 1; Stanwix, 2; K-yhole, 3. Eight ran. The PRINCE OF WALES'S STEEPLECHASE.—Lord M. Beresford's Jackal (J. Jones), 1; Citizen, 2. Four ran. The INTERNATIONAL HURDLE RACE DERBY.—Captain Machell's Boniface (J. Cannon), 1; Nugget, 2; Paul's Cray, 3. Three ran.

WEDNESDAY.

The WOLSEY HANDICAP STEEPLECHASE.—Mr. W. Wilson's br m Gipsy (Mr. E. P. Wilson), 1; Cartel, 2; Jupiter, 3. Five ran. A SELLING HURDLE RACE.—Mr. H. Williams's b c Stanwix (J. Jones), 1; Birbeck, 2; Bird in the Air, 3. Seven ran. The SANDOWN GRAND PRIZE.—Mr. Jennings's b h Rifle (T. Jennings, jun.), 1; First Spring, 2; Sir Hugh, 3. Thirteen ran. The METROPOLITAN HUNTERS' FLAT RACE.—Lord M. Beresford's b g Whalebone (Owner), 1; St. Anthony, 2; Industrious, 3. Six ran. A SELLING HANDICAP STEEPLECHASE.—Mr. E. Baxter's b h Northumbrian (Mr. Barnes), 1; Kilmagner, 2; Great Eastern, 3. Eight ran. A HUNTERS' HURDLE RACE.—Capt. Pigott's ch g Roundhead (Lord M. Beresford), 1; Merryfield, 2; Goldfinder, 3.

FOREIGN RACING INTELLIGENCE.

AUTEUIL STEEPLECHASES.

SUNDAY.

PRIN DU RANELAGH.—M. Junius's Charivari II. (Gardener), 1; My First, 2; Convenio, 3. Three ran. PRIN VALENTINO.—M. M. Boislay's Fine Lady (Murfet), 1; Andrea, 2; Robinette, 3. Five ran. PRIN DE LA BUTTE.—Marquis de St. Sauveur's Pride of Kildare (Andrews), 1; La Pitache, 2; Le Sphinx, 3. Four ran. PRIN DE FORTIFICATIONS.—M. C. Blanc's Bonita (Penfold), 1; Camouflet, 2; Pomme d'Api, 3. Twelve ran.

The London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway will run a special service of cheap trains for the Croydon Steeplechases on the 11th, 12th, and 13th inst. For full particulars see advertisement elsewhere.

GRAND MILITARY STEEPLECHASES.—The Grand Military and Household Brigade Meeting at Sandown Park will commence at 1.30 on each day, instead of two o'clock, as previously announced.

STUD NEWS.

HIGH GINGERFIELD, Richmond, Yorkshire.—On Feb. 25th, Alexandra, by Neville, a bay colt by Wild Dayrell II., and will be put to Monarch of the Glen; the Gleaser, by Lord of the Isles (dam by Stockwell), a filly by Crouse or Culness, and put to Wild Dayrell II.; Deasy, by Touchstone, to Wild Dayrell II.; Irene, by King Tom, to Monarch of the Glen; Faith, by Mildew, put to Wild Dayrell II.; Dewdrop (Falmouth's dam), to Wild Dayrell II.

THE STUD COMPANY (LIMITED), Cobham, Surrey.—On Feb. 27th, the Stud Company's Black Roan, a colt by Blair Athol, and will be put to him again; March 2nd, their May Queen, a filly by Adventure, and will be put to George Frederick. Arrived to Blair Athol: March 1st, Mr. H. Hoskier's Cataonia, with filly by Wild Oats; 3rd, the Stud Company's Coimbra. Arrived to Blue Gown: March 1st, the Stud Company's Mrs. Croft; 5th, Her Majesty's Redhanks, in foal to Winslow. Arrived to Wild Oats: March 1st, the Stud Company's Pimpernel. Arrived to George Frederick: Feb. 25, Mr. A. Wolfe's Quick March; 26th, Mr. W. S. Cartwright's Phoebe Athol, and his Fair Saunterer; March 4, Mr. H. Jones's Danish Rose. Arrived to Kaiser: Feb. 27th, the Hon. W. Cowper Temple's filly by Woodland Victor; March 1st, the Stud Company's Mrs. Naggleton.

WOODLANDS STUD (Mr. Van Haansbergen's), Kilsley Station, Consett Branch, North Eastern Railway, Co. Durham.—Arrived to Macgregor: Mr. Anthony Harrison's Cowslip (dam of Sweet Violet), by Oxford, in foal to Albert Victor; Sweet Violet, by Voltigeur; Cowslip barren to Albert Victor; and Bonnie Ros (dam of South Bank), by Thormanby, with foal by Strathconan; Mr. J. H. Greave's Louise of Lorne, by Victorious; and Mirth, by Lord Clifden; Mr. W. Brown's Alice Hawthorn, by Keith; Damages, by Oxford, in foal to Macgregor; Meteorite, by De Clare, in foal to Blue Gown; Mr. J. M. Jennings' treasury, by Katalpan, with filly by Macgregor; Affluence, by Underhand, with br colt by Macgregor; Mr. Deighton's mare by Katalpan—July, in foal to Albert Victor; Ciccy Hackett, by Le Marchal. Arrived to Clarence: Mr. W. Brown's Callipatria, by Caractacus—Joskin's dam; mare by Lord Clifden—Jewel, in foal to Macgregor; July (dam of Vale Royal, &c.), by Burdcatcher, in foal to Macgregor; Miss Tatton, by Neptuneus—Lady Tatton, in foal to King Lud; Mr. R. F. Trenholm's Countess, the celebrated prize winner. Arrived to Argyle: Mr. Deighton's Cassandra (dam of Black Knight, &c.), by Warlock; and mare by Beadsman; Mr. J. Pelton's Oratory, by Buccareer.

ON the Wednesday of last week the Honourable Artillery Company gave an entertainment at the Aquarium Theatre for the purpose of providing a life-boat fund. A crowded and brilliant audience assembled to witness the gallant amateurs' representation of *Urgent Private Affairs* and *Comilla's Husband*. In the former, Misses Kate Dabron, Emilie Hayden, and Miss Lizzie Henderson did good service in the respective characters, and were well supported by Quartermaster-Sergeant Brighton, Mr. Livermore, and Private McKenzie. In the drama the highest praise must be awarded to Miss May Howard who was specially engaged for the part of Lady Camilla Harlstone. Her impersonation was marked throughout with evidence of much study and thorough appreciation of the character and in the great scene in the third act she fairly captivated her audience by the power and pathos she displayed. Of the gentlemen, Corporal Godwin, as Maurice Warner, was intelligent, if somewhat feeble. Mr. Gordon and Drill-Sergeant Williams were efficient representatives of the characters of Sir James Harlstone and Sir Philip, his son. The remainder of the cast was filled with average ability, with the exception of Staff-Sergeant H. P. Matthews, whose impersonation of the gipsy, Dogbriar, rose far above the standard to which amateurs usually attain. The fine band of the regiment officiated in the orchestra, under the direction of Signor Tamplini, succeeding in enlivening the dreariness of the waits.

VETERINARIAN.

COLIC IN HORSES.

THERE is no more frequent and fatal disease visiting the stable than colic, or "gripes," as spasmodic colic is popularly called. When the disease attacks an animal after the last visit to the stable at night, the subject is found next morning too far advanced in the disease for remedies to be of avail in many cases. The remedies to be of avail must be applied early, for it is notorious with all experienced in the treatment of this affection that it is not so much the medicine given as the time when it is given. As an example of this, a farmer once took home from the surgery of the writer a common "gripe" draught, composed of two ounces each of laudanum and oil of turpentine, in a pint of raw linseed oil. The directions on this were: "The whole of this draught to be given immediately, and clothe warmly." This farmer the winter before had lost several horses from colicky affections, and, living ten miles away from professional help, thought he would keep a colic draught by him. Well, he took home this draught, as we have said, and cured every case with it that occurred in his stables throughout that winter—some ten or twelve cases, perhaps. The label had dropped off the bottle, and he had never read it, so he made a guess at it, and gave to each case two tablespoonfuls or so. When such trifling remedies will cure a case at the onset, it is not harmful advice to give a few simple directions for amateurs on the subject, especially to such as live at a considerable distance from proper help. Under such circumstances,

the time spent in going for a vet. and returning with him is of vital importance, as we have shown.

The complications of colic, or rather we ought to say, the painful affections attacking the contents of the abdomen, giving rise to symptoms resembling ordinary gripes—lying down and rolling—are very numerous. Among these are twists or gut-tie, hernias, inflammations, apoplexy of the large intestines, and numerous other conditions, but our paper is on simple, uncomplicated spasms or "gripes."

For practical purposes, and under the most common conditions, we see two varieties widely different in all respects, and these are:—

1. Spasms of the small intestines.
2. Apoplexy of the large intestines.

A ready way of distinguishing the two is by first noting the food of the horse. If the horse is living on hard food, such as hay and oats, &c., the chances are a hundred to one that we have spasm of the small intestines to deal with, or, in other words, simple spasmodic colic, the commonest ailment to which horses are liable. If the horse is living either on green meat, as in summer, or living on cooked or boiled food, as is largely the case in Scotland among farm horses, should pain and rolling come on, it is most likely from apoplexy either of the stomach or of the large intestines, a frightfully fatal affection, most subjects of it dying in from three to twelve hours. In order further to distinguish the two affections, we find in simple spasmodic colic the painful fits succeeded by brief intervals of perfect ease; hardly perfect ease, perhaps, as the poor brute, although quite free

from pain, is anxious in expectation of the next attack; but the painful fit is succeeded by complete freedom from pain when the horse gets on his feet and stands quietly. In apoplexy of the bowels the pain is continuous; the pain is not of the fierce, excruciating character of spasms, but a duller pain, which is continuous, and the horse, instead of being frantic with pain for a short time, has continuous moderate pain, evinced by always being on the move, either lying down or wandering about with a painful expression on his face.

If our readers do not care to trouble themselves in distinguishing between these two very different affections, then they had better make up their minds to lose their horses, as the treatment, carried to its full extent, good for the one form, is deadly to the other.

We refrain entirely from saying a word as to the treatment of bowel apoplexy, as this affection can only be dealt with by experts. We repeat that if pain in the bowels, evinced by rolling on the ground and wandering about when up on the feet, attacks a horse when living on green-meat or cooked soft food, the services of a veterinarian should at once be secured.

Spasmodic colic, on the other hand, is easily dispelled. The first thing to do is to clothe the animal in hot woollen rugs, and place hot flannel bandages on the legs, after the legs have been well whiped. Then put him into a roomy loose-box, or, in case a loose-box cannot be obtained, clear the coach-house, and place in it abundance of straw. Then place a pint or more of ale on the fire, and make it hot, putting thereto an ounce or more of ground ginger. Instead of this, we may substitute a stiff glass of



MONTREAL SNOW-SHOE CLUB STEEPLECHASE.—From Sketches supplied by Mr. A. G. Campbell, St. Hilaire.

hot whisky and water. Do not give the draught down the nostrils, but let the groom stand on an inverted pail, and administer it by the mouth thus: Having put a loop of leather in the horse's mouth on the end of a long stable fork, which is held by an assistant, let the horse's head and mouth be pushed well upwards towards the ceiling; the bottle containing the draught is to be inserted well up the mouth, and a few ounces only of the draught poured out at a time. This should be swallowed before another portion is given, and so forth. After the draught an injection of very warm water may be used, in which a couple of fistfuls of table salt have been dissolved.

The horse now had better be trotted about for fifteen minutes or so, then taken in again and whiped over the abdomen freely. Should the affection not have passed off after this treatment has been resorted to for half an hour—counting from the first part of the treatment—a draught containing laudanum should be given. One or two tablespoonfuls of laudanum administered in a stiff glass of hot whisky toddy is the best of colic draughts. Of course when laudanum is at our disposal it should be given at the very first, but if we have given the hot toddy without the laudanum, and it has had no effect, laudanum must be procured and given. In the very great majority of cases when hot toddy is given at the very outset nothing else is needed.

Should the simple treatment we have here indicated prove un-

availing, no time should be lost in getting skilled assistance. No amateur should ever treat a case of colic over an hour. With each return of the pain and spasm, the part of the bowel attacked gets exhausted, and inflammation gradually supervenes. Speaking generally, cases of pure spasmodic colic turn to inflammation in from four to six hours; then, of course, entirely different treatment is called for, but this inflammation is not nearly so fatal as the apoplexy we have named. There are scores of other remedies for the affection, but we have refrained from dwelling upon them, or even hinting at them, lest the amateur should be tempted to try them, and put off precious opportunities which are sacrificed by delay.

To prevent spasmodic colic, never give quite cold water when the horse has ceased work and is heated, but take off the cold by a very small quantity of warm water. By preference put a little oatmeal in the water after a journey. Large quantities of cold water taken at any time when the horse is either in low condition or when he has been overworked are dangerous. When the horse is not over-fatigued and on a journey, however hot he may be—the warmer the better—six go-downs of cold water will never hurt him. Road-side troughs only do harm to horses that are allowed to take their fill of cold water, or to such as are either exhausted or half cooled down. Avoid giving full meals to horses after long fasts. This often develops colic. Sour bran

brings on colic, and so forth. In horses subject to colic anything almost will bring it on, and it is a happy reflection to such as possess such brutes that almost any simple thing will cure it.

THE Surrey pantomime has been withdrawn. At the Grecian and Britannia Theatres the pantomimes are still running.

A NEW play, called *The Regent Orleans*, from the pen of Sir Charles Young, has been played at Hull.

MESSRS. MASKELYNE AND COOKE'S famous entertainment has been strengthened with an original sketch of a most amusing and wonder-inspiring character called "Zach, the Hermit; or Modern Spiritualism by an Ancient Medium."

A COUNTER ATTRACTION.—The directors of the Crystal Palace Hotel Company must be curious folk. In the action to restrain Colonel Holland from continuing to manage the hotel, it was stated "there were charges of misconduct in kissing barmaids, against which there were counter-charges of kissing the manageress and a pretty bookkeeper." Of course, we know that directors are but mortal, but there seems in this case to have been gross *miss management*. An hotel is necessarily associated with charges made at the counter, but of course it will not prosper when the counter charges are for kissing barmaids.

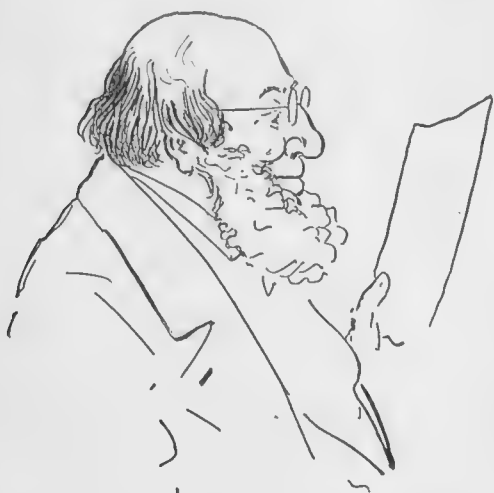
OUR CAPTIOUS CRITIC.

"THE Profession"—as most branches of the dramatic line of business fondly term themselves—"the Profession" is, I think, of all others, at once the least careful over the economies of life and the least neglectful of those in need of help than any other commonwealth, be it profession or trade. There is much of the original vagabondage still clinging to the skirts of the drama, and the gipsy-like style of doing business still exists in many "theatricals" that would be greatly surprised to hear that they were anything but conducted upon the strictest business principles. When does one hear of a wine merchant going bankrupt who, upon the appearance of his name in an ugly corner of



An admirable hat holder

the least pleasant portion of the broad sheets—that headed the law reports—is rallied round by a score or two of more fortunate wine merchants who each subscribe the profits of a pipe of wine for the benefit of his family or the re-establishment of his business? Not more than once a week, I fancy. Or when a newspaper "busts up," how many rival journals devote the greater portion of their circulation for a day to the interests of the hapless proprietor? Amongst artists and literary men one occasionally hears of a benefit being set afoot for the family of some poor devil who has died in harness or broken his working hand, or gone



The 'Hon Sec's' Report.

blind or mad, or something that art and literature are more particularly heir to. These benefits are, generally, after all is said and done, foisted on to the shoulders of theatrical people. The artists and literary men in question take a few tickets in recognition of their duty towards the dead or disabled brother whose cause they wish to succour, but their committee has waited

on some soft-hearted actors and obtained their services, which they "one and all have most kindly offered gratuitously." The theatre in which the performance takes place is also, as a matter of course, kept by a manager who has not the indelicacy to enquire for rent or expenses. Thus I say that the profession thea-

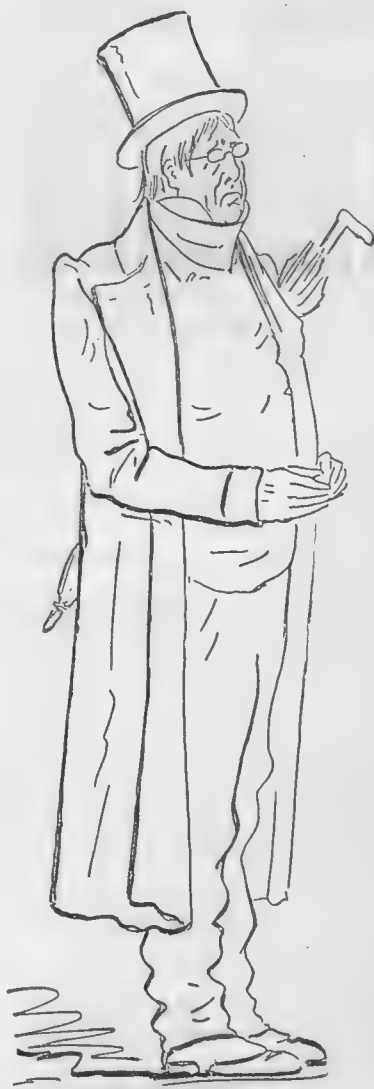
only be successfully spelt by Thackeray. Miss Agnes Leonard played the part of Mrs. Ormsby Delmaine. This lady seems to be rapidly getting rid of the amateurish tone that marred some of her more ambitious histrionic flights; perhaps the fact that she has made up her mind to commence near the bottom instead of



"A Pair of Hem"

trical, with its boundless jealousies, its slanderous ill-temper, and many hardships, has more practical brotherly love than any other. I have heard an actor damning the ability of another in the most voluble manner, leaving his wretched prey (of course this all behind his back) an object from which to turn with pity; ten days after the damnatory histrion is absolutely weeping over the death of the fellow whom he had traduced, and is ready to offer himself for one, two, three—a dozen nights gratuitously for the benefit of the widow and orphans. They are truly children, these Thespians. Recently we had the managers of a large theatre putting their establishment at the disposal of a monster benefit for the family of their immediate rival. Then, again, a veteran actor is retiring from the stage; he must not be allowed to do so before the whole company and the manager present him with every penny of their earnings on the night of his last appearance. They are truly children, these Thespians. I have been led into this strain through having on Wednesday attended the banquet of the "Dramatic, Equestrian, and Musical Sick Fund Association." This useful charity has been in existence within one year of a quarter of a century, and during that time has been maintained by the donations, annual subscriptions, and festival which turn up duly every Ash Wednesday. The funds are used in aid of sickness, in cases of distress, and in granting loans for journeys. The chief attraction of the banquet is that ladies are admitted, and break up the monotony of black-coated diners with their pretty costumes and "airs and graces." On the occasion of the last Ash Wednesday festival the chair was taken by elegant and appreciative Douglas Straight; he was supported on his right by Mrs. Stirling, whose annual speech in returning thanks for the charity is the event of the evening. And she is certainly a most admirable hat-holder, commencing by popping down a hundred pounds which a friend has sent to her for that purpose. I have heard that her speech this year was written by Mr. Tom Taylor. I think it would have been better if Mrs. Stirling had written it herself. As it was, the affair had a stilted tone about it, and the humour exceedingly strained. However, notwithstanding, everybody was pleased and happy; and when Mr. J. W. Anson, the "hon. sec.," came to read the list, it was of a comforting nature. Some selections of music were afterwards given by well-known artists, who were shamefully interrupted by some knights of the crutch and toothpick who had come to cast the light of their patronage on the charity by getting drunk on wine which was included in a very moderate charge made for the dinner. The evening finished with a quadrille party, which was of an untrammelled character. At the Gaiety last Saturday morning Mr. Hollingshead produced *The Serious Family*. It was preceded by "a musical trifle" by Mr. "Peyton Wrey." Like the patent ray (!) outside the Gaiety, this gentleman, though burning but a small light for a very brief period, is capable of some brilliancy. The musical trifle deals with the adventures of a young married couple, Mr. and Mrs. Merryweather, who have attended the giddy scenes of a bal masqué without each other's knowledge. The event of their meeting each other, and the husband as a Cavalier not recognising in the pretty Shepherdess (who is masked) the lineaments of his wife, is the occasion for some lively dialogue and pretty music. The trifle is neatly written, and the music, selected by Herr Meyer Lutz, is pleasant and lively. As Mr. Peyton Wrey has been pleased to dub his little piece a trifle, I suppose one has no right to complain of its extreme brevity. Mr. C. Fawcett plays and sings the part of Mr. Merryweather, and Miss Wadham that of his charming wife. The production afterwards of *The Serious Family* was most satisfactory. Mr. W. Elton made a favourable impression in his performance of Aminadab Sleek, which part he played with unction worthy of the Exeter Hall stage in the month of May. Mrs. H. Leigh, as Lady Sowerby Creamley, was a perfect pendant to Mr. Elton's picture. Of course Captain Murphy Maguire fell into the hands of Mr. Maclean, who is so admirable in this class of Irish character. His acting was worthy of the pen of Lever, while his brogue could

at the top of the theatrical ladder has a beneficial effect upon her efforts. Miss Eveleen Rayne, who has run Mrs. Langtry so hard at the photographers for the last year, was good as Emma Torrens. The parts of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Torrens were



Mr. Elton as Aminadab Sleek

played respectively by Mr. J. H. Barnes and Miss E. Muir, both of whom did their parts ample justice; indeed, the revival was most complete, and ought not to be dropped at performance number one.

COURSING.

RIDGWAY (LYTHAM) CLUB MEETING.

THE LYTHAM CUP.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 28.

Corporal beat Auditor
Hubert beat Benjamin
Hubert beat Corporal

THIRD ROUND.

Basket beat Dot
Centre of Gravity ran a bye

FOURTH ROUND.

Centre of Gravity beat Basket

DECIDING COURSE.

Earl of Haddington's Hubert beat Mr. Sullivan's Centre of Gravity.

THE PEEL STAKES.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 28.

SECOND ROUND.

Liddel beat Bruce
Charlie beat All's Well
Argyle beat Cossack
Maxim beat Hoyne
Honeydew beat Bedtime

Ricardo beat Kilkenny Boy
Schidam beat Bonnie Lass
Barney beat Suzerain
Iron Plate beat Cora Linn
Stork ran a bye

THIRD ROUND.

Schidam beat Barney
Iron Plate beat Stork

DECIDING COURSE.

The stake was divided between Liddel, Argyle, Ricardo, Schidam, and Iron Plate.

THE NORTH AND SOUTH LANCASHIRE STAKES.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 27.

THIRD ROUND.

Donalbain beat Composition
Honey Buzzard beat Corporation
Edendale beat Blockoff
Sensitive beat Hairspring
Jolly Kate beat Spilet

Wild Maude beat Glarus (1)
Diplomacy beat Master Stanley
Slade beat Haydon
Wild Thoughts ran a bye

FOURTH ROUND.

Diplomacy beat Wild Thoughts
Slave ran a bye

FIFTH ROUND.

Diplomacy ran a bye

SIXTH COURSE.

Honey Buzzard beat Diplomacy.

DECIDING COURSE.

Earl of Haddington's Honey Buzzard and Lord Headley's Wild Maud, divided without the latter running her bye.

THE CLIFTON CUP.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 27.

SECOND ROUND.

Queen Sybil beat Analoist
Skipworth beat D.S.G.
Aden beat Master W.G.

Tancred beat Corkickle
Sutler beat Madeira
Anchor ran a bye

THIRD ROUND.

Anchor beat Sutler

FOURTH ROUND.

Queen Sybil beat Anchor.

DECIDING COURSE.

Mr. Swinburne's bk and w b Queen Sybil, and Mr. Swinburne's f d Skipworth divided.

THIRD ROUND.

Anchor beat Sutler

FOURTH ROUND.

Queen Sybil beat Anchor.

DECIDING COURSE.

Mr. Swinburne's bk and w b Queen Sybil, and Mr. Swinburne's f d Skipworth divided.

ASHDOWN MEETING.

THE CRAVEN CUP, for all Ages.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 27.

FIRST ROUND.

Mr. Brice's Peaceful beat Mr. Mayer's Pilgrim.
Mr. Hitchman's Harcarolle beat Baron Kotze's The Countess.
Mr. Ede's Purfret beat Mr. Hilliard's Hidalgo.
Mr. Ede's Palm Flower ran a bye, Mr. Haywood, Senior's D. P. drawn.

Duke of Hamilton's High Pearl ran a bye, Mr. Allison's Killarney drawn.
Mr. Lea's Hilda beat Mr. Cantor's ns Her Ladyship.
Mr. Dustgate's Pretty Nell beat Mr. Ingram's ns Marchioness.
Mr. Ede's Emerald beat Mr. Nicholson's Nuphar.
Mr. Deighton's Dorabella beat Mr. Quilhampton's ns Hark Forward.

SECOND ROUND.

Peaceful beat Barcarolle
Palm Flower beat Purfret
Hilda beat High Pearl

THIRD ROUND.

Peaceful beat Palmflower
Hilda beat Dorabella

FOURTH ROUND.

Emerald beat Peaceful (1) (drawn)
Hilda ran a bye

DECIDING COURSE.

Mr. C. W. Lea's w b c Hilda beat Mr. E. L. Ede's f t b Emerald.

THE ASHDOWN STAKES, for Bitch Puppies.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 27.

FIRST ROUND.

Mr. Keylock ns Lyonesse ran a bye, Mr. Allison's Arun drawn.
Mr. Wood's Movement beat Mr. Kemp's Kate Coverdale.
Dr. Kennard's Primrose beat Mr. Mayer's Mayluck.
Mr. Rennie's Brevity beat Duke of Hamilton's Hawkshaw Bell.
Mr. Ede's Eleanor beat Mr. Burry's Bessie.
Mr. Wansbrough's Governor beat Captain Jarratt's British Beauty.
Mr. Lea's Heloise beat Mr. Jordan's Lady Annie.
Mr. Ede's Nereid beat Mr. Slegg's Sarsnet.
Mr. Postle's Cut-away beat Mr. Day's Daisy.
Mr. Jarvis's Just in Time beat Mr. Hyles's Duchess of York.
Mr. Morgan's ns Blue Bell beat Mr. Chesshyre's Country Girl (1).
Mr. Dunsford's Dewdrop beat Mr. Gardiner's Verge.
Mr. Forester's Kennet Ale beat Captain Jarratt's Gold Dust.
Mr. Wood's Strong ran a bye.

SECOND ROUND.

Lyonesse beat Movement
Brevity beat Primrose
Governess beat Eleanor
Heloise beat Nereid

THIRD ROUND.

Brevity beat Lyonesse
Heloise beat Governoress

FOURTH ROUND.

Brevity beat Heloise
Mr. H. L. Dunsford's w bk Dewdrop and Mr. J. Riche's r w Brevity divided.

THE UFFINGTON STAKES, for Dog Puppies.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 27.

FIRST ROUND.

Mr. Lea's Harefoot beat Mr. Keylock's Knight of the Thistle.
Mr. Sell's Star of Calne beat Mr. Maxwell's Master Antur.
Mr. Howe's ns Wayfarer beat Mr. Wansbrough's Wanting.
Mr. Keylock's Knan beat Mr. Trot's Sir Pickle.
Mr. Nicholson's New Hope beat Mr. Slegg's Sardonyx.
Mr. Mayer's Marquis beat Mr. Bridger's Bengal.
Mr. Chesshyre's Coriolanus beat Mr. Kellaway's Kingcroft.

SECOND ROUND.

Mr. Lea's Harefoot beat Mr. Keylock's Knight of the Thistle.
Mr. Sell's Star of Calne beat Mr. Maxwell's Master Antur.
Mr. Howe's ns Wayfarer beat Mr. Wansbrough's Wanting.
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Mr. Nicholson's New Hope beat Mr. Slegg's Sardonyx.
Mr. Mayer's Marquis beat Mr. Bridger's Bengal.
Mr. Chesshyre's Coriolanus beat Mr. Kellaway's Kingcroft.

THIRD ROUND.

Mr. Lea's Harefoot beat Mr. Keylock's Knight of the Thistle.
Mr. Sell's Star of Calne beat Mr. Maxwell's Master Antur.
Mr. Howe's ns Wayfarer beat Mr. Wansbrough's Wanting.
Mr. Keylock's Knan beat Mr. Trot's Sir Pickle.
Mr. Nicholson's New Hope beat Mr. Slegg's Sardonyx.
Mr. Mayer's Marquis beat Mr. Bridger's Bengal.
Mr. Chesshyre's Coriolanus beat Mr. Kellaway's Kingcroft.

FOURTH ROUND.

Mr. Lea's Harefoot beat Mr. Keylock's Knight of the Thistle.
Mr. Sell's Star of Calne beat Mr. Maxwell's Master Antur.
Mr. Howe's ns Wayfarer beat Mr. Wansbrough's Wanting.
Mr. Keylock's Knan beat Mr. Trot's Sir Pickle.
Mr. Nicholson's New Hope beat Mr. Slegg's Sardonyx.
Mr. Mayer's Marquis beat Mr. Bridger's Bengal.
Mr. Chesshyre's Coriolanus beat Mr. Kellaway's Kingcroft.

DECIDING COURSE.

Mr. Lea's Harefoot beat Mr. Keylock's Knight of the Thistle.
Mr. Sell's Star of Calne beat Mr. Maxwell's Master Antur.
Mr. Howe's ns Wayfarer beat Mr. Wansbrough's Wanting.
Mr. Keylock's Knan beat Mr. Trot's Sir Pickle.
Mr. Nicholson's New Hope beat Mr. Slegg's Sardonyx.
Mr. Mayer's Marquis beat Mr. Bridger's Bengal.
Mr. Chesshyre's Coriolanus beat Mr. Kellaway's Kingcroft.

Mr. Hoad's Tantiy beat Mr. Deighton's Drover.
Mr. Kennard's Proctor beat Duke of Hamilton's Havildar.
Mr. Sells's Sentinel beat Mr. Ede's Santley.
Mr. Musk's Hagard beat Mr. Quilhampton ns Hopscotch.

FRIDAY.

SECOND ROUND.

Star of Calne beat Harefoot
Khan beat Wayfarer
New Hope beat Marquis

Tantiy beat Coriolanus
Sentinel beat Proctor
Hayard ran a bye

THIRD ROUND.

Star of Calne beat Khan
New Hope beat Tantiy

Hayard beat Sentinel

SATURDAY.

FOURTH ROUND.

Hazard beat Star of Calne.

DECIDING COURSE.

Mr. F. Nicholson's bd w New Hope and Mr. Musk's r w Hazard divided without the former running a bye.

RENFREWSHIRE CLUB MEETING.

THE ARDGOWAN CUP.

TUESDAY.

Dr. Dougal's bk w b Avon Empress beat Mr. A. Kelly ns r w b p Royal Rose.
Mr. Johnston ns f d Magee (a bye); Mr. Norris's bk w d New England (absent).

Mr. J. Hutchinson's bk w d Clydesdale Beauty beat Mr. R. Leigh ns w f d How's That.

Mr. Woodrow's bk w d Woodcroft beat Mr. J. Stirling ns bk w d Sunny-side.

Dr. M'Candlish's bk w d Caldaran beat Mr. J. Stirling ns r b Stanley Maid (1).

Mr. Alexander's bk w d Country Boy beat Mr. J. Stirling ns f b Callen-dar Maid.

Mr. J. Johnstone ns bk w d Lord Garbraid beat Mr. King ns w bk b Saucy Bessie.

Mr. J. Gray ns r d Daniel Druce beat Mr. R. McNeill ns rd Never.

Mr. J. Drennan's bk w d Don Carlos beat Mr. A. Kelly ns b w b Daily News.

Mr. J. King ns bk w b Peach Blossom beat Mr. J. Risk's bk w b Bobbie Burns.

Mr. A. Kelly ns bk w d p Station Boy beat Mr. W. Woodrow's bk b Woodside.

Mr. W. Murray ns bd d Croft Tammie (a bye).

THE DUCHAL STAKES.

WEDNESDAY.

Dr. M'Candlish's bk b Lomond Lass beat Mr. J. King's ns bk d Garry Owen.

Mr. R. Ferne's ns f d Diamond Dust beat Mr. R. Leigh's ns b w b Braes of Esk (1, dr).

Mr. J. Eaglesham's f w b Lady Golightly beat Mr. J. King ns bk w d Dick Turpin.

Mr. J. E. Poynter's w r b Picoline beat Mr. J. Hutchinson's r d Clydes-rush.

Mr. J. Johnstone's bk b Lady Kelvin beat Mr. R. Gilmour's ns bk b Wheaton.

Mr. J. Graham's r w d George Elliot (a bye) Mr. J. Stirling ns w bd d Serenade (dr).

Dr. Dougal's w t b Avondale beat Mr. J. Brownlee's ns bd d Blantyre.

Mr. J. Howie's ns f Lady in Fawn beat Mr. J. Paterson's ns bd b Perfect Nuisance.

[Divided.]

THE KILMACCOLM STAKES.

WEDNESDAY.

Mr. J. Eaglesham's bk b Creeping Nell beat Mr. J. Johnstone's bd b Miss Kilbir.

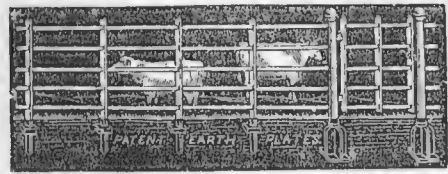
Dr. M'Candlish's bd b Culcreuch beat Mr. J. Brownlee's bk w d p Afton Water.

Mr. J. Risk's r d Rantin Robin beat Mr. J. Stirling's bk b Ready Money.

Mr. R. Gilmour's bk w d Jock beat Mr. J. Johnstone's bk w d Lord Kelvin.

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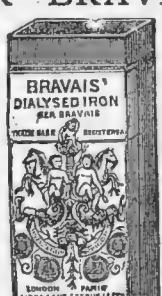
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The Lancet, June 9, 1877, *British Medical Journal*,
March 3, 1877, and the whole Medical Press.

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The UNITED SERVICE CUP, value 100 guineas, for hunters bona fide the property of officers serving, or who have ever served in the Army or Navy, and that up to the time of entry have never won a steeplechase value 20 sovs; four year olds 10st 7lb, five year olds 11st 7lb, six and aged 12st; to be ridden by officers serving, or who have ever served in the Army or Navy; three miles; entrance 5 sovs; twelve entries or no race.

To close and name on March 17th to Messrs. Weatherby: Messrs. Pratt & Barbrook, London; or Mr. W. C. Manning, Newmarket.

The KENNETT FARMERS' CUP, value 50 sovs, subscribed by farmers and tradesmen in the neighbourhood of Kennett for bona fide maiden hunters the property of farmers farming in the counties of Northolt, Suffolk, Cambridge, or Essex; four year olds 11st 3lb, five year olds 12st 3lb; if entered to be sold by auction for 150 sovs allowed 7lb; to be ridden by farmers or farmers' sons who have never ridden for hire or qualified gentlemen riders; three miles; entrance 1 sov.

To close and name by six o'clock the evening before running to Mr. W. C. Manning only, Newmarket.

The GREAT EASTERN WELTER DRAG HUNT CUP of 50 sovs, given by the Chairman of the Directors of the Great Eastern Railway Company, for bona fide hunters which have never won 20 sovs up to 1st of March, 1879; catch weights above 13st, to be run with hounds over no flagged course, and ridden in hunting costume; no restrictions as to riders; about six miles; entrance 1 sov, and post entries 2 sovs.

To close and name by six o'clock the evening before running to Mr. W. C. Manning only, Newmarket.

C R O Y D O N STEEPLECHASES, HUNTERS' RACES, and HURDLERACES.

TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, and THURSDAY. March 11th, 12th, and 13th.

CHARGES OF ADMISSION: Race Course, each Day One Shilling

Grand Stand, each Day 7s. 6d.

Paddock, do 7s. 6d.

Weekly Tickets for the Course and Grand Stand only One Pound

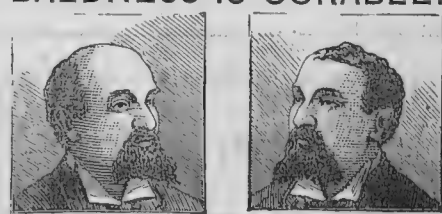
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Stewards' Reserved Enclosure (including Paddock), after having obtained Grand Stand Ticket, 7s. 6d.

Welshers and known bad characters will be expelled from the Grand Stand and Enclosures, and forfeit their admission money. A Special Staff has been engaged for this purpose.

Racing will commence each day about 1.30.

BALDNESS IS CURABLE.



"EAU-MALLERON."

A CURE IS GUARANTEED IN FROM THREE TO SIX MONTHS.

MONSIEUR LODOIS respectfully solicits all those who are bald, but desire to renew the natural covering of the head, to consult him any day between eleven and five o'clock, at the Rooms of the French Hygienic Society, 40, Haymarket, S.W.

M. LODOIS is so certain of success that he will enter into a contract on the principle of

NO CURE NO PAY.

Pamphlets and full particulars of this marvellous and genuine remedy forwarded post free on application.

EAU-MALLERON, FOR THE CURE OF BALDNESS.—The remarkable success which has attended the introduction into this country of this remedy is proved by the large and gradually increasing number of testimonials of an enthusiastic character which the discoverer receives by every post. It yet suffers, and must inevitably remain at a disadvantage for some time to come, from the fact that it must necessarily rank, in the estimation of those who have yet had no opportunity of testing its wonderful properties, with the thousand-and-one quack remedies for the removal of baldness already in existence.

Monsieur Lodois, however, is confident that the time is not far distant when a sceptical community will be compelled to admit that he is the possessor of an invention which is a certain cure for baldness that does not arise from old age or decay of nature. His straightforward method of conducting his practice is meeting with the appreciation it deserves. With those patients who are in a position to hold periodical consultations of a personal nature M. Lodois makes his contracts on the "no cure no pay" principle.

Such patients as are prepared to visit him at No. 40, Haymarket, at stated times, and to rigidly carry out the instructions of their capillary physician, may, in the vast majority of cases, safely reckon upon a perfect and permanent cure. In an interesting pamphlet on the subject of Baldness, published by Monsieur Lodois, he says that the Malleron preparation "possesses the power of causing the gradual organic action of the hair to increase its vitality in a lasting manner, and thus causes hair to grow in places where for years it had disappeared—even on the balded heads." It is unfortunately impossible, owing to the confidential nature of much of his practice, for M. Lodois to acquaint the world with a tithe of the remarkable cures he has wrought. The following consensus of testimony, however, selected from a great number of letters, the original of which may be inspected on application, will tell its own "unvarnished tale."

The following letter has just been received from Signor Urio, the well-known operatic artist.

London, July 29th, 1878.

M. LODOIS.—Dear Sir,—In answer to your letter, I beg to state that after using the Eau Malleron some time I have obtained quite a marvellous result. I am certain that through it I shall recover my hair exactly as it was before. I am indeed much obliged to you.

Yours very truly, UKIO.

You may show my letter to any inquirer, and do what you think fit with it.

Liverpool, August 9th, 1878.

M. LODOIS.—Sir,—Will you kindly send me another pint bottle of Eau Malleron. I enclose 25s. 6d. in P.O.O. I think my hair will come again; in some parts it has grown as long as a tooth-brush, but in places there is only just a thin dozen, and very bare. I have followed your instructions you kindly sent me. I remain, yours truly, E. H.

Bibleton, near Preston, May 27th, 1878.

DEAR SIR,—In reply to your favour to hand, I have not used the Eau Malleron for a month. I have been away from home, and my whereabouts uncertain, so did not send for any. My hair is thicker, though I do not follow out the directions perhaps as rigidly as I ought.—Yours sincerely, J. C. S.

Trowbridge, June 17th, 1878.

MONSIEUR LODOIS.—Sir,—I beg to enclose a cheque for one bottle of Eau Malleron, as before, and should be obliged by your sending it early to the above address. Progress as yet, I fancy, is slow, and may after another bottle improve, that I may report to you with entire satisfaction.—I remain, yours, &c., W. S. W.

Trowbridge, Wiltshire, Sept. 30, 1878.

SIR,—Will you be good enough to forward me another bottle of Eau Malleron, to the above address. (The last bottle has showed marked progress of growth. I beg to enclose cheque for £1 5s. 6d.—Yours truly, M. Lodois, London.

Dundee, August 13, 1878.

M. LODOIS.—Dear Sir,—I enclose P.O.O. for 25s. 6d. for a pint bottle of Eau Malleron. I may state that the half-pint which I received from you some time ago has effectually removed the scurf, and the appearance of young hairs is very encouraging.—Yours truly, G. S.

Bath, April 6th, 1878.

J. LODOIS.—Dear Sir,—I enclose a P.O.O. for 25s. 6d., and will thank you to send me a large bottle of Eau Malleron. My hair has improved wonderfully since I have used this preparation.—Yours, &c., J. F. M.

Barnsley, Sept. 16, 1878.

DEAR SIR,—Please send me another bottle of Eau Malleron, for which I enclose cheque. I am glad to say I have applied the last bottle according to your instructions and find the hair is growing nicely. Please send package, directed as follows.—Yours truly, R. T.

Bury St. Edmunds, Sept. 23, 1878.

M. LODOIS.—Sir,—I have been using the Eau Malleron for these last six weeks. After a few applications it arrested the falling off of the hair, and new hair is making its appearance on the top of my head. Will it be necessary to use the Pomade Trichophile? Please write a line in that respect.—Yours truly, W. F.

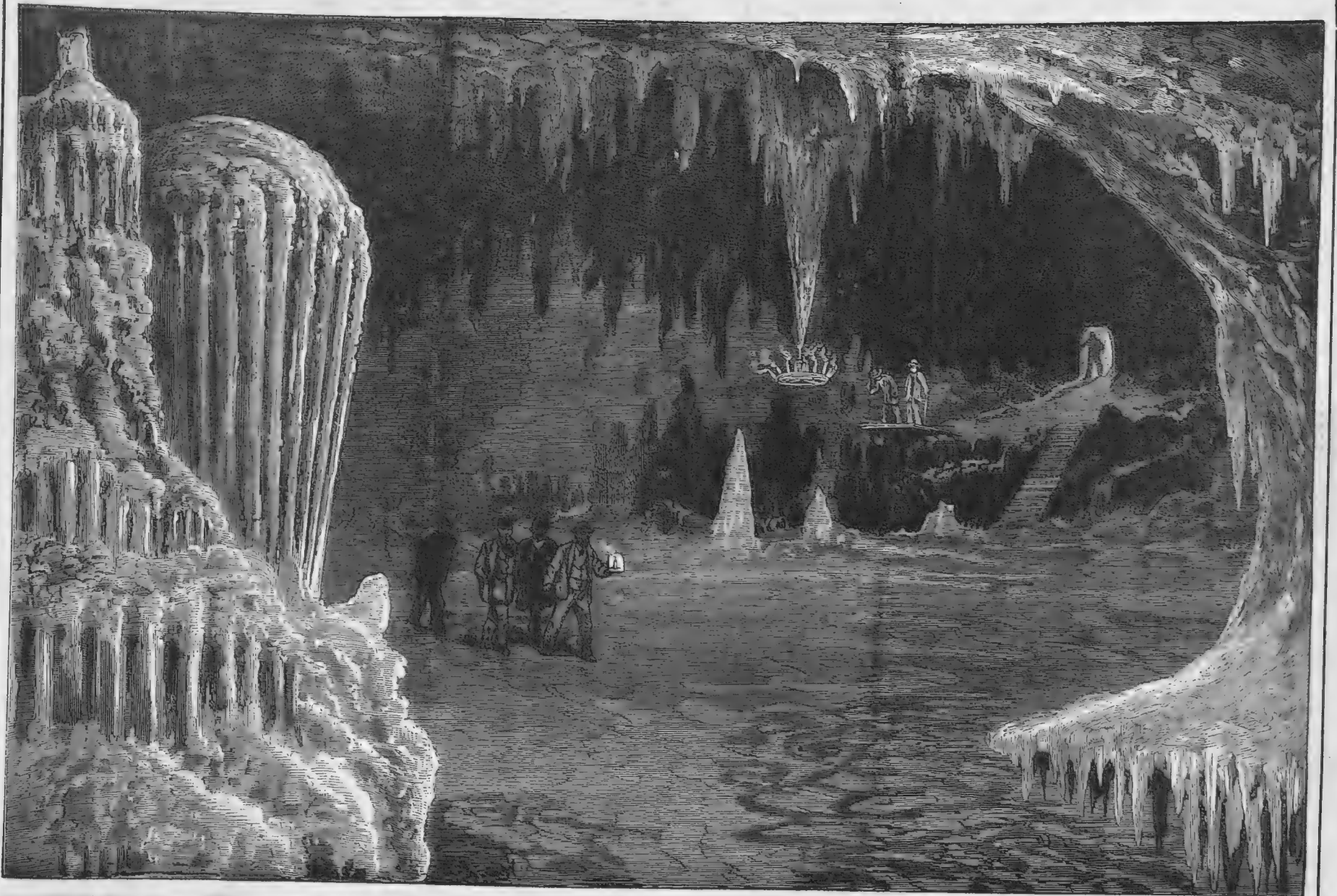
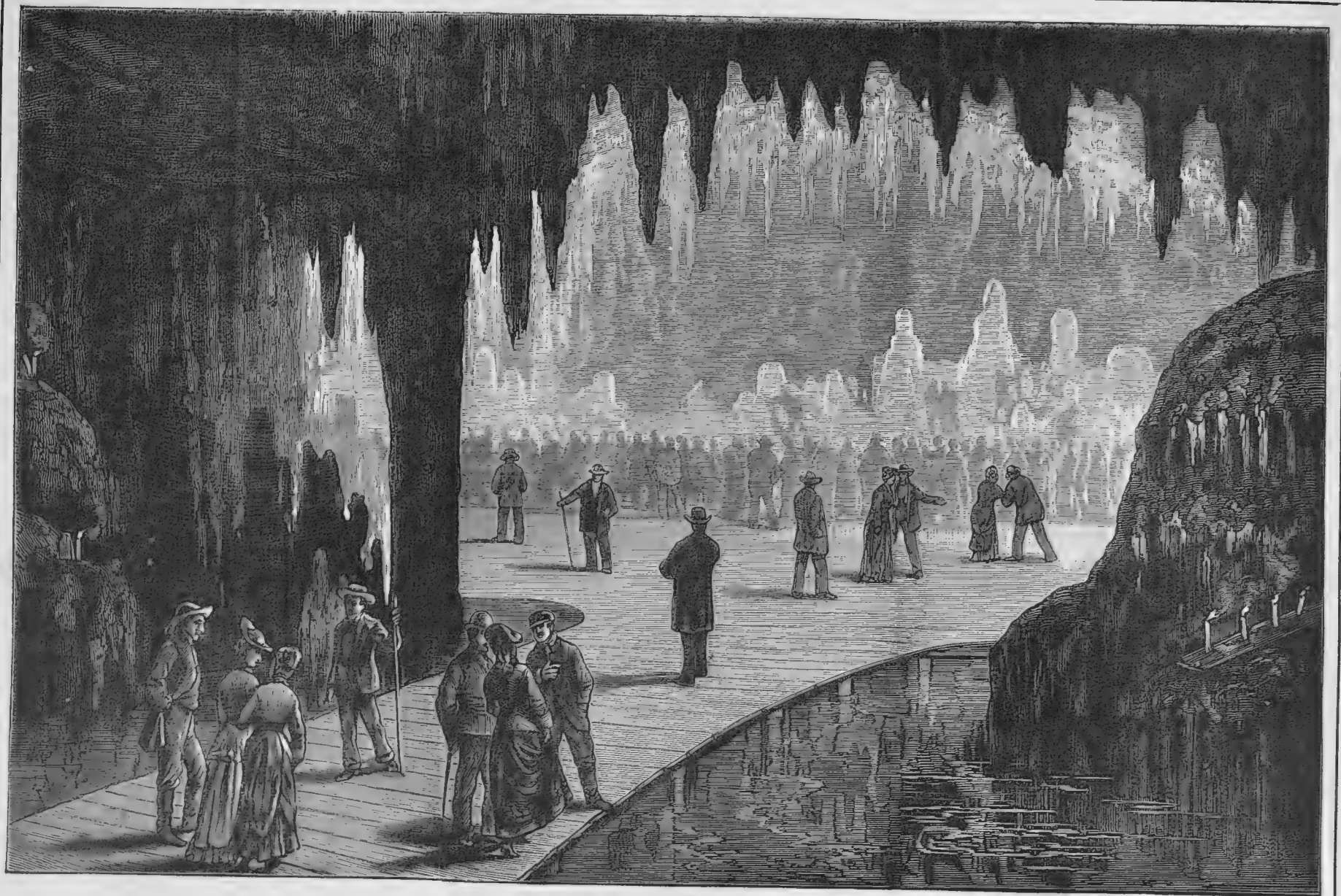
Bury St. Edmunds, Oct. 20, 1878.

M. LODOIS.—Sir,—Received parcel all right on Friday 18th, arrived at the station the day previous. have nearly finished the large bottle of Eau Malleron. My hair is much thicker where the Eau was most used, the crown of the head. I think I shall require a little more to complete the cure. Will send in the course of a week or two.—I am, Sir, yours, (From a Hairdresser.)

Horncastle, Sept. 9, 1878.

M. LODOIS.—Dear Sir,—I have just had a gentleman having his hair cut who is at the present time using your preparation, and I was so thoroughly convinced of the good the Eau Malleron has done his hair that I at once determined to get the agency, if you have not already appointed one, in Lincolnshire. I have no doubt I shall be able to get rid of a good lot of the preparation when its virtue gets more widely known.—Yours obediently, ALF. C.

MR. J. LODOIS



CURIOUS CAVERNS IN VIRGINIA:—NEWLY DISCOVERED.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

It is particularly requested that all Letters intended for the Editoria Department of this Paper be addressed to the Editor, and not to any individual who may be known in connection with it; and must be accompanied by the writer's name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

The Editor will not be responsible for the return of rejected communications, and to this rule he can make no exception.

All business communications to be addressed to the MANAGER.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DRAMATIC.

DAVID HARMER.—Miss Kate Aubrey made her first appearance at Derby, Dec. 24th, 1874, and on the London stage on the 2nd of the same month, 1876, at the Court Theatre.

T. A. L.—Miss Fanny Brough plays under the name of Mrs. R. S. Boleyn. H. B. INGHAM.—*Old Soldiers* was produced at the Strand Theatre in January, 1873.

FREDERICK.—Richard Claude Critchett.

A. W.—There is such evidence in one of the letters addressed to Edward Allyn now preserved at Dulwich College, which speaks of one of the English player companies of Shakespeare's time going abroad on a professional tour. We append it:—"Mr. Allen, I commend my love and humble duty to you, giving you thanks for your great bounty bestowed upon me in my sickness, when I was in great want: god bless you for it. Sir, this it is, I am to go over beyond the seas with Mr. Browne and the company, but not by his means, for he is put to half a shaler, and to stay hear, for they are all against his going: now, good Sir, as you have ever bene my worthy friend, so help me now. I have a sute of clothes and a cloke at pane for three pound, and if it shall pleas you to lend me so much to release them, I shall be bound to pray for you so longe as I leve; for if I go over, and have no clothes, I shall not be esteemd of; and, by gods help, the first money that I gett I will send it over unto you, for hear I get nothing: some times I have a shilling a day, and some times nothing, so that I leve in great poverty hear, and so humbly take my leave, praigne to god, I and my wife for your health and mistris Allene's, which god continew.—Yr poor friend to command, RICHARD JONES."

J. S. W.—You will find a biographical sketch of Mr. W. H. Chippendale in *The Biograph and Review* for the present month.

J. H. BRADY.—Edward Knight wrote the song of "Sweet Kitty Clover, she bothers me so." As the low comedian of a mean strolling company in Wales he received five shillings per week. At the Lyceum, London, his salary was soon after nine pounds per week.

F. CLOSE.—The old Royalty Theatre, near Goodman's-fields, was burnt down on April 11th, 1825. You have confused the once well-known house with the other.

JOHN CLARK.—The entire soliloquy is delivered sitting.

R. C. ROBERTS.—*Round the World in 80 Days*, an adaptation of M. Jules Verne's novel, was played in London at the Princess's, and in the provinces by a company organised by Mr. E. Saker, of the Alexandra Theatre, Liverpool.

MISCELLANEOUS.

P. O. C.—In the reign of George III. it has been calculated that one hundred and seventy-two duels were fought with pistols, in which sixty-nine duellists were killed, forty-eight desperately wounded, and as many wounded more or less seriously. Only eighteen of these duels resulted in criminal trials, in which six of those charged with killing were acquitted, seven found guilty of manslaughter, and three of murder. Only eight suffered imprisonment.

WILLIAM J.—In Andrew's "History of British Journalism."

D. F. N.—Mr. Tom Hood, jun., died Nov. 20th, 1874, at the age of 39. It was in accordance with his own express desire that he was buried in Nunhead Cemetery, and not in the grave of his father at Kensal Green. 2. Mr. H. Sampson was his successor on *Fun*. 3. On one of Tom Hood's Friday-night meetings in Brompton.

G. SMITH.—Mr. Arthur Skelchley's real name is George Rose.

E. B. GREEN.—It was Pope who wrote the line, "Love seldom haunts the breast where learning lies."

SELLON.—The Coult's family are of Scottish origin, and spring from a family of that name in Auchinloul.

W. JEBB.—The Odd Fellows' Society had its origin in London; at what time is not, we believe, exactly known, probably about 1745. Odd Fellows were not known in Scotland before May 22nd, 1838, when a lodge was opened at an obscure tavern called The Hatters' Arms, in New-street, Glasgow.

C. BUTLER.—No. Should the Prince of Wales reign he will found a new dynasty, that of Saxe Coburg Gotha.

ARTISAN.—It is on record that in 1766 the stock-in-trade of a carpenter residing at Colchester was valued at a shilling, his tools being five in number.

R. W. J.—It is, as you have been told, a fact that no one of the thirty-five sovereigns who have reigned in this country since the Conques mounted the throne in the month of May. But what of that?

ARTHUR JAMES.—Appropriate because the harp and drinking-cup were handed round at their festive meetings, and each of the old Saxon merry-makers was expected to sing and play in his turn.

T. Y.—Sir, or Sirenames and surnames are not exactly the same things: the former means the son of, the latter indicates merely the name of the family.

A. BENNETT.—The criers' "O yes! O yes!" is derived from an old French phrase *oyez* (listen).

KANUCK (Montreal).—The cost, including carriage, of Vol. 9 ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS is £1 13s. The portrait and biographical notice of the lady named appeared in our paper of February 26th, 1876, copies of which can be obtained, as well as all other back numbers.

G. K.—You are misinformed by our monthly contemporary (*Temple Bar*, Jan. 1879) Charles Dibdin is not, as there is stated, buried in the churchyard of St. James's, Pentonville, next to "Joey" Grimaldi. The honoured remains of the sailors' bard are laid in the extra-parochial cemetery of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, in Camden Town—under a handsome altar-tomb—on which is inscribed one verse from his charming song "Tom Bowling"—

"His form was of the manliest beauty," &c.

THE ILLUSTRATED
Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1879.

THE SELECTION OF BROOD MARES.—No. II.

PREVIOUS to entering upon a literal interpretation of the title of this series of articles, we would venture upon a few remarks which may be held as foreign, in a strict sense, to the subject which we have taken in hand, but which have reference to subjects so closely bound up with the primary object of our dissertation, that our readers must excuse us for interpolating them. In a recent paper in *Baily's Magazine* Dr. Shorthouse has instituted comparisons between large and small breeding studs, with reference to the success they have achieved in "turning out" winners of great races; and doubtless many of the arguments advanced in favour of limited establishments will commend themselves to those who deem that quality and not quantity of their production should be the aim of breeders. But we bring forward Dr. Shorthouse's article in this place for the purpose of showing that he appears to us to have wandered from his original issue raised, of whether breeding on a large scale can prove a profitable investment, to the entirely different one of whether the proportion of great winners in the produce of "monster stud farms" is as large as it should be, compared with the yield of smaller studs. We may here repeat that we have altogether taken leave of breeding by private individuals of their own supplies for racing, and that our remarks must now be taken as applying to breeders for public sale. These gentlemen of course breed to sell at as large a profit as possible, and are bound to study fashion, public taste, and the innumerable whims of purchasers; so that they cannot afford to take too many liberties nor to experimentalise with their products, but are rather constrained to follow certain strains of blood at any cost, often to the neglect of sources, however rich in promise, which have not as yet become the rage. All classes of likely purchasers must be studied, and it must be steadily borne in mind to cater alike for those who buy by the "pound," by good looks, by running blood, or solely by "the book;" and so to furnish a catalogue containing the elements of size, beauty, winning names, and high lineage. Happy is the breeder who can furnish a few specimens of yearling stock containing all these highly desirable elements: for then good judges as well as bad are all "down his throat" at once, and the competition resolves itself into one of "purses," which cannot fail to ensure sensational prices. Bearing this in mind, we may now proceed to consider the origin of studs, which, be they eventually of monster or moderate proportions, have mostly small beginnings; and though in most instances, like another kind of venture, undertaken advisedly, yet in many cases owe their commencement to accident rather than to design, and occasionally find originators in individuals who would seem to have had breeding, like greatness, thrust upon them by some unexpected chance. We once heard of a very first-rate university scholar whose curious taste, outside his academical studies, lay in stud-book lucubrations, and he boasted to be as perfect in the "permutations and combinations" of that intricate volume as in mathematical subjects involving the exercise of similar powers of memory and calculation. Men who take up breeding in this spirit of "pure science" speedily find out that however easy it may be to breed a Derby winner upon paper, it is not so readily accomplished in practice, owing to the multitude of disturbing agencies, subversive of theories, which commence immediately upon the procreation of the foal to become unthought-of factors in his calculations. Therefore it is better to possess, in making a start as breeder, one ounce of sound judgment in make and shape of horses, and some insight into the most palpable defects of conformation, than to be able to boast of an ever ready clue to the mazes of the Stud Book, and to be able to trace pedigrees backwards up the stream of time to those ancient landmarks, the characteristics of which have been totally obliterated by subsequent fusions of blood among descendants during a long period of years down to the present era. Would-be breeders of this visionary type must either speedily go to the wall, if left to their own devices, or adopt the somewhat humiliating alternative of being "wet-nursed" by mentors and advisers, who may be disinterested, but are not likely to consider their *protégés'* interests in the same light as their own. It were far preferable to establish a stud on the exactly opposite principles advocated by those who, with some knowledge of the "beauties and defects in the figure of the horse," and with a love of the animal for his own sake, scoff at the theory of breeding, save in its broadest distinctions and definitions, and unhesitatingly take up with so-called "unfashionable blood" in the hope, however remote, of producing high-class results at a cheap rate, and of awaking to find themselves famous in connection with the name of some low-born but highly-distinguished giant of his day upon the Turf. We have dwelt thus upon certain of the inducements to men to become breeders, in order to illustrate what we hold to be the conditions ordinarily necessary to success at starting, which must naturally be made by the selection of brood mares, and we hold neither with the wild theorist who would invest his money without caring to inspect his bargains, nor with the enthusiast who pays not some attention to pedigrees and crosses, and hopes *ex fumo dare lucem* by a vain trust in chance or Micawber-like reliance on the chapter of accidents. The over-refinement of ideas, in both cases, must be fatal obstacles to success; and yet we see examples of both cropping up and subsiding inevitably now and again, warnings too often neglected by charlatans and unbelievers who indelibly record their blunders and mistakes in the pages of the Stud Book.

There should, of course, be always a few preliminary questions asked of themselves by those about to enter into the breeding of thoroughbred stock, such as, "Can I afford to do it so thoroughly well as to deserve success? can I afford to risk the money to be expended with that

object? and can I afford to contemplate the entire loss of that money should things go wrong?" The first question can be left to answer itself, and the others deserve more consideration than is usually given to them; and while it may be laid down as a rule that an undertaking is nothing if not well and thoroughly carried out, then the question merely turns upon whether the ways and means are forthcoming, and if so, what risks can their administrator afford to run in fulfilling the requirements of completeness and thoroughness in his venture. No doubt economy in acquiring a stock in trade is highly desirable; but before going into breeding it may be as well to consider beforehand that the speculator cannot choose a suitable market wherein to dispose of inferior goods, but that he goes into competition once for all with older hands at the business, and that he cannot afford, for the sake not only of his reputation, but of his pocket, to be eternally playing second fiddle in the line he has chosen to pursue. The chances of speedily making a name which shall have its due weight with purchasers greatly depend upon the method of starting a breeding concern, and inasmuch as the judicious selection of brood mares is a condition precedent to the happy inception of such an undertaking, we may be excused for having apparently wandered away from our subject, and for having trespassed on ground which there was no absolute need to occupy before assailing the position before us. In our next article we promise to take the subject in hand forthwith; otherwise we might incur the accusation of not confining ourselves to one specific point of the very comprehensive subject of breeding in general.

USE IS SECOND NATURE.

A SPORTSMAN bold, nor young, nor old,
But 'twixt the two—in short, he
From all I hear, was drawing near
The shady side of forty.

He loved the chase, and went the pace,
And urged his willing nag on
With rattling speed the field to lead,
Like Scamperdale or Spraggon;

He had a mare, the bay Gulnare,
No obstacle could stop her;
No need for her of whip or spur,
No danger of a "cropper";

Nor was this all; in box and stall,
Tended by grooms in plenty,
With glossy coats, enjoyed their oats
A row of hunters twenty.

Each bore a name well-known to fame
(A theme I'd fain have dwelt on,
Had I the skill to back the will)
At Harborough and Melton.

A stud, in fact, where nothing lacked,
And which, that way should he go,
Would satisfy the practis'd eye
Of e'en Pomposus Ego.

And yet—they say—it chanced one day
That Nestor and King Bomba,
Star of the West, and all the rest
Were fairly hors de combat;

Young Ganymede was off his feed,
The chestnut colt by Jagers
Had pulled up lame, Tom Brown the same,
Clos Vougeot had the "staggers";

"Od rabbit it, there ain't one fit!"
(I quote the head groom's lingo)
"For sartain, Jack, we'll get the sack,
A pretty mess, by Jingo!"

Their news declared, our hero stared,
To trust his ears unable,
That on a mount he couldn't count,
No, not in all the stable.

"Not hunt," he cried, "no horse to ride!
I'd like to hear the reason;
What! miss the sport at Ashby Court,
The crack meet of the season!"

"Not I, by Jove! I'd shirk the Grove,
For we've already met there,
But Ashby, no, I can't forego;
Yet how the deuce to get there!"

"Ha! lucky thought, the horse I bought
With the new brougham for Madam;
But whether he can carry me
I know no more than Adam.

"He's thoroughbred—or so 'twas said—
By Lightfoot out of Plunder:
I don't see why I shouldn't try,
But can he jump, I wonder?"

"Saddle old Ben, look sharp, my men."
The grooms obeyed *instantly*,
Worked with a will, nor paused until
He'd started in a canter;

Helper and lad both thought him mad,
As they beheld him dash by,
Jack booked a bet (of heavy wet)
He'd never get to Ashby.

Our friend, meanwhile, in easy style
Pursued his course right cheerly,
And soon was to the *rendez-vous*
Half-way, or very nearly.

Ben liked the change, which wasn't strange,
For, though the road was hilly,
'Twas smoother far than ever are
Pall Mall or Piccadilly;

No Jehu there, with whom he ne'er
Could break the trot assign'd him;
He felt no more the grievance so e
Of carriage pole behind him.

So on they sped, till close ahead,
While Ben ne'er ceased to stride on,
Our hero spied a meadow wide
With soft green grass to ride on;

At the far edge a rail and hedge
Our sportsman's eye enchanted,
"Nice bit of ground," he thought, "I've found—
The very thing I wanted;

"No better place to try his pace,
A jump by way of wind-up;
He's safe to clear it like a deer,
When once he's made his mind up."

With this intent to work he went,
Though Ben's old legs were stiff; he
With a wet sail cleared hedge and rail
In what is called a "jiffy":

But—'ware the slip—twist cup and lip!—
His rider in a minute
Was thrown full pitch outside a ditch,
While Ben lay sprawling in it.

Rubbing his back arose friend Black
(His was a far more *chic* name;
Black, truth to say 's a *sobriquet*,
Or, *Anglicè*, a nickname);

Stunned by the fall and bruised withal,
He rose in humour crusty,
His brand-new hat was smashed quite flat,
His coat was torn and dusty.

"A nice to do, and thanks to you!"
Said he, his steed addressing;
(I fear he added something bad,
Not very like a blessing);

Then to the ditch he limped, in which
Ben lay content and idle;
And pulled the rein, but pulled in vain,
And then he pulled the bridle.

Black stamped and swore, and tugged the more,
He couldn't wait all day there;
Stubborn and stiff lay Ben, as if
He really meant to stay there;

Our hero spied on ev'ry side,
Hoping perchance to see a
Stray passer by, but none were nigh,
When lo! a bright idea

Flashed through his brain; what could he gain
By fretting or by fuming?
He turned about and shouted out,
A linkman's tone assuming,

"Mrs. Black's carriage stops the way!"
(The rhyme, I own, 's a bad one,
And my poor muse would gladly choose
A better, if she had one);

Shrill was the cry, and in reply,
His ears for wonder pricking,
Ben gave one neigh, and strove to obey
By struggling and by kicking;

The ditch was deep, the bank was steep,
But with what we may term a
Lift from without, he scrambled out,
And stood on *terra firma*.

Here ends my tale; for records fail
To chronicle the sequel,
Deprived of facts, my brain to tax
I really feel unequal;

True it must be, as you'll agree,
To doubt it were *peccato*;
But—*au contraire*—*se non è ver*,
At least, *è ben trovato*!

SPORTING SKETCHES.

A RUM CUSTOMER.

"COME, tumble up, you lazy beggar; its nearly nine, and breakfast will be on the table in a quarter of an hour," were the first words I heard as I woke with a start, and found Charlie Manson's jolly form standing over me. I had come down to the Den the night before at his urgent request to stay with him for the Swannington Hunt Races, for which event he was preparing two flyers. We were going to have a trial after breakfast between the two, and I was to have the pleasure of steering one of them. Now to be suddenly woke up and doused with cold water is not a particularly pleasant way of commencing the day, but when it is supplemented by the recollections that in a weak moment one has consented to ride an unknown quadruped over a stiff country, with no excitement of hounds to make him jump, it becomes still more unpleasant, and as one progresses with the business of dressing it dawns upon a man that he is a thundering ass to risk his neck for nothing; at least, those were my sensations as I put on my coat preparatory to descending to the regions of tea and toast. "At last!" was the greeting I received on opening the dining-room door. "We've been waiting for you for 10 minutes. Tom (the stud groom) wants to know your weight, and—oh, you don't mind which nag you ride, do you? because he says if you weigh more than I do he would sooner you rode Satan. He's got a bit of a temper, and rushes rather at his fences, but you can hold him; only don't let him go too fast at the rails or you will come to mortal grief." This is jolly, thought I, sincerely hoping that Charlie would prove the heaviest; indeed, a wild thought of slipping some lead into his shooting coat pockets came into my head. However, in for a penny in for a pound, and of course it was a pound; that is, I found myself nearly four pounds more than mine host, and consequently doomed to Satan. "Cheer up, old man! You don't look as if you liked it!" said Charlie. "Well," I replied, "after your charming description of Satan I cannot say I feel actually in clover." "Nonsense, he only wants holding, and surely its better to catch hold of the devil than let the devil catch hold of you," bantered Charlie, who I believe secretly rejoiced in the turn affairs had taken. However, it was no good letting breakfast get cold while ruminating on the possible chance of ever eating dinner again; so I set to work and somewhat revived under the influence of a devilled kidney and a cup of hot coffee. A few minutes later I was taken off to the stables to view the pair of "cracks," and was first introduced to his satanic majesty, a dark bay about 15 hands 3 inches, very compact, with great sloping shoulders, short pasterns, and hocks that would do all that was required through dirt; powerful hind quarters fit to carry him over a house, a small head with a peculiar white blaze down the forehead, and a vicious-looking eye, completed the picture, as he stood over with an ominous switch of his tail. "Looks as if he could jump, Tom," said I. "Ay, sir, he can jump above a bit; he most ways jumps too much for some on 'em; they can't sit him, and when he does get 'em off, it ain't 3 to 1 he don't go to eat 'em. He tried it on me one day, but I dropped him a hot 'un on the nose, and he thought better of it." Unfortunately for Tom's veracity, I caught Master Charlie looking at him behind my back, who finding himself detected collapsed into the corn-bin in a fit of laughter. Eventually I made them tell me exactly what the horse's tricks were. He was a fine fencer, but almost impossible to hold, an awful demon in the stables, and had a nasty habit of buck jump-

ing, which, as a rule, disposed of his rider if not on the look out for it. He had a fair turn of speed, and could stay any distance. In the next "compartment" stood Countess, crack No. 2—a thoroughbred raking chestnut mare, rather too light and flashy for my liking, and evidently nervous, from the squeal and lash-out she gave on being stripped. "A wonder to jump, and go any pace you like," was Charlie's comment; "but I am a little doubtful of her powers of lasting." "Last most of the Swannington lot out," Tom was heard to growl *sotto voce*. "Who is going to ride her?" I asked. "Well," replied Charlie, "Johnny promised to, and if you like you can have the mount on Satan for the cup." "Not for the world; I've given up steeplechasing, many thanks," I said, "but I can tell you of a man who would do you down to the ground. You remember Dick Harding? Well, he has come back from what Terry would call the 'Continong,' and you know how he can ride a horse over a country." "Y—es," mused Charlie; "but he is such a desperate blackguard—you never know what he may be at; still, I suppose he will run straight for me. He owes me a good turn for that Stockbridge affair"—a piece of business in the matter of pulling a horse that did not redound much to Mr. Harding's credit, and which would, but for Charlie's timely interference and knowledge of the noble art of self-defence, have resulted in the disfigurement of the gentleman's personal appearance by the infuriated mob. By this time Tom had saddled the two horses, and carefully clothed, they were despatched under the charge of his attendant sprites, to the place where the fun was to begin. At this crisis up drove a tallish man in a spider dog-cart with a good-looking iron grey in the shafts and one of the smallest tigers I ever saw, balanced (he was not sitting) behind. "Who the deuce is that?" said I. "Oh, don't you know? that's the 'Colonel,'" replied Charlie. He has only lately come down to these parts; he is a great joke, a shrewd Yankee, who can do what nine men out of ten cannot—that is, keep his tongue between his teeth. In fact, to use his own expression, he is 'pretty smart, you bet.' It appears Charlie had asked him over to see the trial and dine, feeling sure that he would keep his own counsel and probably give valuable advice, for he was, Tom informed me, one of the best judges of a horse on that side of the country. Presently I found myself bowing to the new comer, who, having looked me over, merely said, "Proud, sir," and immediately entered into a discussion with Charlie on the relative merits of some "few twenty trotters." Gradually bringing the conversation round to the business in hand, and pulling out his watch, he gave vent to his feelings as follows: "Guess, Mr. M— I'm dry; let's have one smile, and we'll go and see these critters of yours jump." Having "smiled" all round, off we went to the paddock at the back of the house, where we found Tom with the nags all in readiness, and Charlie pointed out the course. "Over the low fence in the bottom, past the hayrick in the corner, leaving it on the right, up to the elm standing by itself, over the rails, and be careful of Satan there; then bear to the left, where you can see one of my men on the hill, with a white handkerchief on a stick, across the fallow, round the barn, over the shoot of new rails, down the hill to the brook—Satan don't like water, by the way—and home up the big meadow below us, finishing past the waggon I've had put there; you can't make a mistake." "Hum!" said I; "perhaps Satan can, though, which would be worse." Here Tom led up his majesty, and I essayed to mount, a performance that was not rendered easier by the gallant bay, who evidently knew what was up, and insisted on going round and round in a circle, causing the Colonel to ejaculate, "Wall, I'm darned if he ain't raal grit! Make a fortune as a roulette board." However, all things must have an end, and at last I was hoisted fairly home, and followed Charlie down the field. "Air you ready, gentlemen?" from the Colonel, and on our assenting, "Let 'em rip." I never knew before how a horse could pull. I shot past the chestnut as if she was standing still; over the first fence like an arrow, and was half way on my journey towards the rails before I could get a pull; even then it was a miserable effort, and Satan rushed at them like an express train. Luck favoured us, however, and we skimmed over in safety. How about the new shoot the other side of the barn, though? I wondered, for the further we went the more determined the brute seemed to pull, and, to make matters worse, I was not in training, and the Colonel's "smile" was asserting itself by a sharp pain in my side. How I envied Charlie his mount. The mare, going well within herself, lay about three lengths behind, rather on my off side, and looked as comfortable a conveyance as a seat in a first-class smoking-carriage. However, there was no time left for reflection, for the white rails made themselves too apparent, and in another minute I found myself flying through the air with a confused vision of being followed by a dark mass with four bright heels. Strange to say, I landed on my legs and turned head over heels like a shot rabbit, which probably saved me a crusher. Satan was up again in a moment, and stood with expanded nostrils, trembling like an aspen leaf; so astonished was he, that there was no difficulty in remounting. On making play, now in the wake of the mare, I found all the devil knocked out of him, and I was obliged to have recourse to strong inducements in order to get up enough pace for the brook, into which he dropped one leg, but got over with a scramble. I was now so blown that I was as near as a touch-off again. Charlie, of course, cantered in easily, Countess never having made a single mistake from start to finish. "Well, old man," says he, "how did you like the journey? By Jove, you'd make your fortune in a circus. I never saw such a beautiful summersault as you made at the rails! Seriously, though, I was afraid you were in for a crumpler. What do you think of them, Colonel?" "Wall, sir, your mare is grit; but that bay will whip creation—that catastrophe at the snake fence has taught him a lesson I kinder reckon he won't forget. I lump my pile on Satan—yew bet." By this time I began to feel somewhat stiff, and having recovered my hat, which I lost in my pantomime business at the rails, I went up to the house to change and have a warm bath with the luxury of a quiet weed before dinner. In the smoking-room I asked Charlie why he had run his trial in the middle of the day, and he informed me that it was the Colonel's idea, as the races would be in the afternoon, and he considered he could get a better line; besides, no one would imagine a trial would be run any other time than the orthodox early morn, and there would be no one on the look-out. That evening I telegraphed to Harding, and the reply came at dinner to the effect that he would be down on the following day and ready to ride. The next morning Johnny Liston arrived, and had a spin on Countess. Of course he chaffed me most unmercifully about my cropper, and told Charlie he ought to stand me a new hat. The morning of the races broke fine, and we were all in high spirits as we drove on to the course "Kerrect kard—kyard of this day's racing! Names and colours of the riders. Kerrect kyard, yer 'onor!" assailed us on every side, and the "Colonel," who was one of our party, would have bought up the whole stock-in-trade if we had allowed him, just to stop their jaw. The first race was the Fallowfield Stakes, in which Countess was engaged, and a hum of admiration was heard as Johnny took her past the stand for the preliminary canter. Mare and man looked as near perfect as they could, and Charlie had no reason to repent giving Liston the mount, for he won easily by three lengths, beating Will o' the Wisp, who carried most of the money of the neighbouring county. Our excitement as the numbers went up for the Swannington Hunt Cup was intense. The Colonel assumed the appearance of a red hot poker, and was continually "running around to pile one

more dollar on." We had all backed Satan pretty heavily, and were not over pleased with the way he came up the course with his ears back, shaking his head. "He's in a sweet temper," said Charlie; "I vote we hedge!" "Bother hedging," returned Johnny; "that Harding is as downy a chap as you'd meet in a day's march. I believe he's kidding to get a shade better odds. There they go to the post!" Thirteen runners, "Just twelve too many," as the Colonel said. "I dew like what you Britishers call a certainty." "Off!" shouted Charlie, focussing the field; "By Jove! Satan's away with him—no—over—two down! Here they come. By 'gad! that fellow Harding can ride!" As they swept past I could see the bay had evidently found his master, and was going in capital form. At the next fence, a double, Harding gave him his head, and he flew the lot, No. 1 turning a turtle. When they reappeared round the hill Satan was leading, closely followed by the favourite, a horse called Bangtail, belonging to the master of the hounds, the remainder of those who had "stood up" being all of a heap. "Now for the water," we all whispered, as they came tearing down the hill—a confused mass of colour, two horses in front, a deal of splashing, one riderless steed following in the wake of the two leaders, and then the shouts of the ring rose loud. "Bangtail wins! Satan! Two ponies Bangtail! Satan a monkey! S-a-a-t-a-n!" as the bay, beautifully ridden, answers the call, and shoots past the post half a length ahead. "See here," yells the Colonel, brandishing a bottle of champagne. "Stranger, did not I tell yew. Oh, snakes!" as he disappeared backwards over the side of the waggonette into the *debris* of lunch below. In his enthusiasm he had forgotten he was standing in a carriage, and had stepped into vacancy. There was a rare dinner at the Den that night, and we emptied the Hunt Cup more than once in drinking the health of the "rum customer" who had won it.

BAGATELLE.

A MYSTERY:

BEING A CURIOUS CIRCUMSTANTIAL COINCIDENCE CONCERNING CORNELIUS COOMBES, CONSTABLE.

CORNELIUS COOMBES was a model policeman, fresh from the primitive district of Muddleborough-on-Snooze, in which rural locality he had passed the whole of his life until within the last three months, when he quitted his native village, and forsook the pitchfork to seek his fortune in mighty Lunnon as a wielder of the Governmental truncheon. Ambition was his form!—to say nothing of the extra pay—was the mark at which he aimed! He had read of captures extraordinary, and he longed to follow in the wake of some of the heroes whose achievements are chronicled in the bloodthirsty impossible records of the illustrated penny dreadfuls, of which he had long been a diligent reader.

The clock had struck nine, and the watch had proved uneventful, notwithstanding that every person found carrying the smallest parcel had been subjected to the minutest scrutiny. The shops were closing, and as Cornelius passed a chemist's in the Queen's-road his attention was attracted by the following suspicious scrap of dialogue:—

"You must be very careful. Prussic acid is the most deadly of poisons."

The speaker was the chemist, and the person addressed was a thickly veiled but otherwise thinly-clad female, who was leaving the shop with a gigantic carpet-bag.

"Could anything be more suspicious?" thought Coombes.

The bag seemed uncommonly heavy, for it was with difficulty the woman carried it. On leaving the shop she glanced anxiously round, evidently expecting some companion or else to find out whether she was watched! On turning into the Asylum Road she was met by a man who relieved her of the encumbrance, asking in a quick, anxious voice, "Did you manage it?" to which the woman replied, "Yes. All right so far." After this the conversation was so low, and the wind so high, that it was impossible to hear the dialogue, as Cornelius was obliged to keep some distance behind to escape observation; for ever and anon the woman looked anxiously round to make sure that no one was following. Thus they continued till they came to the bridge of the Surrey Canal in the Old Kent Road. Down the steps went the woman, then the man, followed by Cornelius, who crept stealthily after them.

As soon as they reached the water-side the man was about to fling the bag and its contents into the canal, when he was stopped by Coombes, who first arrested his arm and then his whole body, together with the woman, who, notwithstanding her screams and entreaties, was marched off to the station-house. Cornelius having solemnly warned them not to make any statement the journey was made in silence. The station being reached, and the charge having been duly taken down, the superintendent directed the bag to be opened, the odour from which was particularly offensive as noticed by the constable in his evidence. A breathless silence ensued! Horror was depicted on every countenance! In a few short moments the mystery was solved.

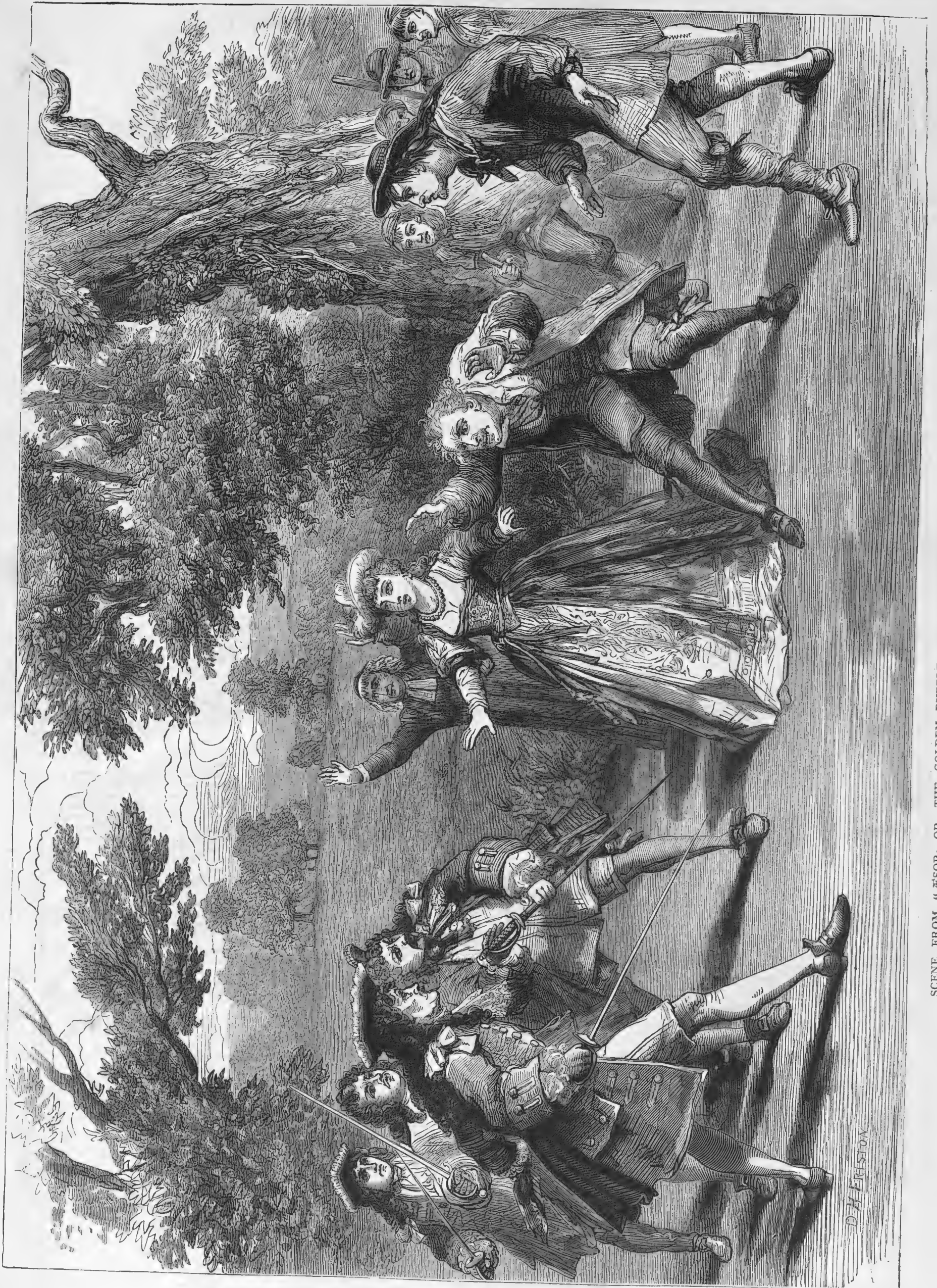
A murder had been committed! but the deceased in this case—or rather in the carpet-bag—was an enormous specimen of that domesticated animal—a *tabby tom cat*.

LONDON COTTAGE MISSION.—Though mild the weather, the need for charity is as great as ever. A large concourse of hungry children on Wednesday week again visited Conder-street Hall, Limehouse, E., to partake of the eighth "Irish Stew Dinner" provided for them by the London Cottage Mission. The children's parents being mostly unemployed, the little ones are deprived of the nourishment they require, and though the weather was not cold, they ate as ravenously as ever of the warm and nourishing meal, and we are grieved to say numbers had to be refused admittance. During the week this mission also gave free teas to a vast number of poor children. We learn with regret that this work of charity must cease unless benevolent people send funds, for we are given to understand that the means are entirely exhausted. We feel sure our readers will not allow so good a work of charity to cease, but each one send something, even though it be a trifle to carry it on. Contributions will be thankfully received by Miss F. Napton, 304, Burdett-road, Limehouse, E.; or by Mr. Walter Austin, at the Office of the Mission, 14, Finsbury-circus, E.C.

LOWE LANGUAGE.—Mr. Lowe has written to the *Times* to contradict the statement that "he has accepted the chairmanship of a bank in Egypt, which has caused him an infinity of trouble." We are not aware that it was ever reported that the bank in question had caused Mr. Lowe an infinity of trouble, but have no doubt, if he were connected with it, it would. The next time, however, Mr. Lowe rushes into print on the subject of bad Egypt it would be advisable to use good English.

EAU FIGARO.—The last scientific discovery for restoring faded and grey hair to its original colour. Cleansing, Harmless, Colourless. To prove that this is "bona-fide," if a sample of hair be sent before purchase of the preparation, stating original colour, the same will be returned completely restored. Prices 5s. and 6s. per bottle. Full particulars will be sent on application to the French Hygienic Society, 40, Haymarket, S.W.—ADVT.

"GOLDEN STAR" BAY LEAF WATER, Triple Distilled. Delightfully fragrant and refreshing. The most delicious of all the Toilet Waters.—Sold by Chemists and Perfumers. Depot, 114 and 116, Southampton row, London.—[ADVT.]



SCENE FROM "ÆSOP; OR, THE GOLDEN BUBBLE," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES' THEATRE, BIRMINGHAM.



DESCRIBING THE RUN.

LOVE'S VICTORY.

A DRAMATIC STORY

Adapted expressly for this paper.

By HOWARD PAUL.

CHAPTER XIV.

By this decision Gabrielle sealed her destiny; and she felt it. She foresaw clearly what the world would say, and knew that her reputation could only be restored by Paul's return. If she could only have been as sure of the heart of her chosen one as she had formerly been! But the cunning innuendoes of the Countess, and the impudent assertions of Sir Peabody, had shaken her faith. Paul had been absent now for nearly a year, and during that time she had written to him every month; but she had received from him only two cold letters through M. Noriac. Yet the more she reflected the more she became impressed with the necessity of flight. She was relying upon a man who was almost a stranger to her; but was not this the only way to avoid the insults of a wretch?

The fatal Thursday appointed for the flight came and Gabrielle, as arranged, complained of a violent headache. The doctor was sent for and ordered her to keep her bed. He little knew that he was thus restoring the poor girl to liberty. As soon as he left she collected together what she wished to take with her, and then proceeded to burn papers and letters that would interest the Countess and her accomplices. M. Noriac had recommended her not to take her jewels. She left them, therefore, with the exception of such as she wore every day, openly displayed upon her dressing-table. Upon reflection she determined to take a small travelling-bag which her mother had given her, and which contained a dressing-case, all the articles in which were of solid gold. Her preparations completed, she wrote her father a letter in which she explained the motives of her resolution.

Then she waited. Night had fallen long since, and the last preparations for entertainment filled the house with movement. At last the hands marked a quarter to ten; almost mechanically she rose, threw a shawl over her shoulders, and taking her little bag in her hand she slipped along the passages to the servants' stairs.

She went on tiptoe, holding her breath, ready at the slightest noise to retreat or to rush into the first open door. Thus she reached the dark hall at the foot of the staircase, and there she waited. At last it struck ten o'clock, and the vibrations of the bell could still be heard when M. Noriac's brougham stopped at the door. His coachman was certainly a skilful driver. Pretending to have lost control over his horse, he made it turn round, forcing the carriage close up to the wall so that the right hand door was precisely opposite the dark little hall where Gabrielle stood. Instantly M. Noriac jumped out, Gabrielle sprang in. No eye observed them.

A moment later the carriage slowly drove out of the courtyard and stopped at some little distance.

It was done. In leaving her father's house Mdlle. St. Roch had broken with the established laws of society. She was at the mercy of fate, for, according as events might be favourable or unfavourable, she was saved or lost. She did not think of that. As the danger of being surprised passed away the feverish excitement that had kept her up subsided, and she was reclining on the cushions when the door opened and a man appeared. It was M. Noriac.

"Well," he cried, with a strangely embarrassed voice, "we have conquered, and no one has the shadow of a suspicion." And, as Gabrielle did not reply, he added—

"Now we must lose no time, for I must show myself again at the ball. Your lodgings are ready, and I am going to drive you there."

"I thank you," she feebly whispered.

M. Noriac had already jumped into the carriage, which started at full gallop; and, as they proceeded he explained to Gabrielle how she would have to conduct herself in the house in which he had engaged a room for her. He had spoken of her, he said, as a relative from the provinces, who had suffered a reverse of fortune, and who had come to Paris in the hope of earning a living.

"Remember this story," he begged her; "especially be careful never to utter my name or your father's, and bear in mind that you will be eagerly sought for."

Then, as she still kept silence, weeping, he tried to take her hand, and thus noticed the little bag which she had taken.

"What is that?" he asked in a tone which, under its affected gentleness, betrayed dissatisfaction.

"Some necessities."

"Ah! You did not after all take your jewels, Mademoiselle?"

"Certainly not."

This persistency on the part of M. Noriac began to strike her as odd, and she would have betrayed her surprise if the carriage had not at that moment stopped suddenly before No. 23, Rue Nique.

"Here we are," said M. Noriac.

Lightly jumping down he rang at the door, which opened immediately. The room of the *conciërge* was still light. M. Noriac walked straight up to it, and opened the door like a man who is perfectly at home.

"It is I," he said.

A man and a woman, the *conciërge* and his wife, who had been dozing, started up suddenly.

"M. Eugène!" they cried with one voice.

"I bring," said M. Noriac, "my young kinswoman, of whom I told you."

"The young lady's room is quite ready," said the women.

"Let us go up then," said Noriac.

"Give me a candlestick, Fanta," said the woman to her husband; and with her lighted candle she preceded them. At the fifth storey, at the entrance to a dark passage, she opened a door, and said, "Here we are! The young lady will see how nice it is!"

It might possibly have been nice in her eyes! but Gabrielle, accustomed to the splendour of her father's mansion, could not conceal a gesture of disgust. She went in bravely, placed her travelling-bag on a table, and took off her shawl. But her first impression had not escaped M. Noriac. He drew her into the passage while the woman was stirring the fire, and said in a low voice,

"It is a wretched room, but prudence induced me to choose it."

"I like it as it is, monsieur."

"You will want a great many things, no doubt, but we will see to that to-morrow. To-night I must leave you; you know it is all important that I should be seen again at your father's house."

"You are quite right, monsieur: go."

He once more recommended his "young kinswoman" to Madame Fanta's care, and when he left, the woman also went down.

The conflicting emotions which had agitated Gabrielle during the last forty-eight hours were now followed by a feeling of intense astonishment at the irrevocable step she had taken. Standing by the mantel-piece, she looked at her pale face in the glass and said,

"Can that be my own self?"

To occupy her mind she rose and began to explore her new home. The brick floor was going to pieces, the ceiling was

cracked and fell off in scales, on the walls a greasy grey paper preserved the dirty finger marks of previous lodgers, while the furniture was in keeping with the room—a bedstead with faded curtains, a chest of drawers, a zinc clock, a table, two chairs, and a tumble-down fauteuil. Gabrielle could not comprehend why M. Noriac had selected such a den; but she hoped it was only for a short time, and, after all, anything was better than her father's house.

"At least," she said, "I shall be at peace."

Unaccustomed to the incessant noise of a Paris lodging-house, it was past four o'clock before Gabrielle fell asleep; but she was so overcome by fatigue that when she awoke the clock pointed to mid-day. She rose and dressed hastily.

Yesterday morning, when she rang her bell, her maid lighted the fire, brought her slippers, and threw over her shoulders a warm *peignoir*. But to-day!

This thought carried her back to her father's house. Doubtless by this time she was being sought for in all directions. She felt almost happy at the idea of being so safely concealed, and looking round her wretched room, she said,—

"No, they will never look for me here!"

In the meantime she had discovered a small supply of wood near the fireplace, and, as it was cold, she was busy making a fire, when somebody knocked at the door. She opened it, and Madame Fanta appeared.

"It is I, my pretty mademoiselle," she said as she entered. "You slept well?"

"Very well, thank you!"

"And how is your appetite? Don't you think you could eat something?"

"I should be much obliged, madame," she replied; "if you would bring me up some breakfast."

"Decidedly! Just give me time to make an omelette and dress a cutlet, and I'll be up again."

Sour-tempered Madame Fanta tried to hide the wicked eagerness of her eyes under a veil of tender sympathy. But her hypocrisy was all wasted.

"I am sure," thought Gabrielle, "that is a bad woman."

The day passed and M. Noriac did not appear.

The next day he came, and explained that he was suspected of having aided her in her flight, and that the Countess Zita had him watched. He added that it would be imprudent to stay long, and went away without making any allusion to her destitution. Thus, for three days, he only came to disappear in a few moments. He always seemed embarrassed, as if he had something important to communicate; then his brow clouded, and he would leave without making any revelation. Gabrielle, tortured by doubt, felt unable to endure this uncertainty any longer. She determined to compel an explanation; but, on the fourth day, M. Noriac came, evidently under the influence of a desperate resolution.

Immediately he entered, he locked the door, and said in a hoarse voice,—

"I must speak to you, mademoiselle."

"I am ready to listen," replied the poor girl, trembling.

He hesitated an instant, and then said,—

"Have you ever suspected my real reasons for assisting you to escape?"

"I believe, monsieur, that you acted out of pity for me, and friendship for M. Paul de Najac."

"No! You are mistaken."

She drew back instinctively.

"Let us not trifle; are you not aware that I love you?"

She could hardly understand this infamous insult.

"Leave me, monsieur!" she commanded, her voice trembling with indignation.

But he advanced towards her with open arms,—

"Yes, I love you madly,—ever since the first day I beheld you."

Gabrielle had swiftly moved aside, and opened the window.

"If you come one step nearer, I will cry for help!"

He stopped, and, changing his tone, said,—

"You refuse? Well, what do you expect? Paul's return? Don't you know he loves Zita?"

"Ah! You mock at my forlorn condition," broke in the young girl; "Why don't you go, coward. Must I alarm the house?"

He retreated to the door, and half opened it, saying,—

"You refuse me to-day, but before a month is over, you will beg me to come to you. You are ruined, and I alone can rescue you."

CHAPTER XV.

GABRIELLE thought she could divine the traitor's aim. No doubt he thought that in obtaining possession of her he should secure a portion of Count Saint-Roch's fortune. And hence the hatred between Sir Peabody and M. Noriac; they both coveted the same treasure. The idea that the new Countess was in league with M. Noriac did not occur to M. Gabrielle. On the contrary, she thought they were enemies, and divided by opposing interests.

A few months ago, so sudden a catastrophe would have crushed Gabrielle, but she bore it by the aid of one gleam of light in the darkness of her fate—the remembrance of Paul.

She had doubted him for an instant, but her faith had, after all, remained undisturbed. Reason told her that, if he had really loved Zita Denman, her enemies, Mr. Peabody and M. Noriac, would not have taken so much pains to make her believe it. No! He would return to her with a devoted heart. But what would Paul think of the man to whom he had entrusted his betrothed? The man who had betrayed his trust? He would know how to restore his love to her proper position, and how to avenge her.

"And I shall wait for him," she said; but she did not ask herself how. The first obstacles in the way of heroic resolve were revealed to her by Madame Fanta, who brought her her dinner as the clock struck six, according to their agreement.

"So, so, *ma belle demoiselle*; you have quarrelled with our dear M. Eugène?" she remarked.

"Yes, Madame."

"Well, that is your affair; only I should like to know what you mean to do about your board?"

"I shall find the means, Madame, you may be sure."

Convinced that this creature was employed by M. Noriac to watch her, the poor girl maintained a calm air, and even insisted upon paying her fifty francs for her board, as well as for some small purchases. But when the old woman was gone, she sank down in despair. Should she return to her father, and implore the pity of his wife? No! death would be more welcome than such humiliation. Her only friends, who had made her cause their own, the Duc and Duchess de Barrés, were abroad. "I can count upon no one but myself," she cried, "but I shall be saved!"

If she could manage to live till she came of age, or till Paul returned, all was well.

"Is it really so hard to live?" she thought. "The daughters of poor people earn a livelihood, why not I?"

Thus resolved to seek aid from no one, she thought over her resources. Her sole possessions of value were the cashmere shawl which she had wrapped around her when she fled, the gold fittings of her travelling-bag, a brooch, a watch, and a couple of handsome rings, which luckily she thought, must have cost, at

least, eight or nine thousand francs; but for how much would they sell?

This was the question upon which her future depended. But to whom could she apply for assistance? While musing on these matters the pawnbroker came into her mind. She had only read of these useful tradesmen. "I will endeavour to find one," at last she said, and the determination once arrived at she was soon in the street, and before one of the shops she desired to find. Going up stairs, she found herself in a large room where a number of people were writing. Several clerks were writing down the names of the depositors, and counting out money. Far back, another clerk appeared to take in the articles that were pawned. After watching for five minutes Gabrielle understood the whole process. She went to the opening behind, and timidly put upon the ledge the more valuable of her two rings.

"One diamond ring!" cried the clerk. "Nine hundred francs. Whose is it?"

Crimson with shame, Gabrielle whispered,—

"It is mine, sir."

The clerk looked at her, and then asked gently,—

"Have you your papers?"

"Papers? What for?"

"The papers that establish your identity. Your passport or a receipt for rent will do."

"I have no such papers, sir."

"Then we can make no advance."

One more hope, her last, vanished thus. She held out her hand, saying,—

"Please give me back my ring."

But the clerk replied,—

"That can't be done. You shall have it back when you bring me the papers, or when you come accompanied by two tradesmen who are known to us."

"But, sir—"

"That is the law."

Gabrielle made her weary way homeward and related her experiences to Madame Fanta, who said,—

"Poor little dear, poor little dear!" But if she succeeded in giving to her face an expression of sympathy, the greedy look in her eyes betrayed her immense satisfaction at seeing Gabrielle at her mercy.

"You are too imprudent," she remarked. "Suppose they had arrested you and taken you before a magistrate—eh? Ah! my child, you would have fared ill!"

Then, changing her tone, she began scolding Gabrielle for having concealed her troubles from her. "Did she seem such a harsh creditor?"

"But one can easily see that you are a mere child," she continued. "Sell your jewels! Why, that is wrong, when there is some one at hand ready to help you."

At this unexpected attack Gabrielle blushed.

"I am sure poor M. Eugène would give his ears to please you."

"I forbid you," cried Gabrielle indignantly, "to mention his name!"

The woman shrugged her shoulders.

"*Eh bien!*" then she added. "What do you propose to do about your ring?"

"That is exactly why I came to you," replied Gabrielle, "I do not know."

"You did well to come to us," she said with a malicious smile, "Fanta will go and take our grocer and *charcutier* with him; and before going to bed you'll have your money, I promise you!"

That evening the worthy man really condescended to go up stairs and bring Gabrielle eight hundred and ninety francs. Thus, with the few napoleons in her purse, the poor girl possessed a thousand francs. How many months this sum would have lasted her but for the furniture-dealer's bill, which Madame Fanta declared she must pay. The furniture in her room had not been paid for, the woman asserted, and for this Gabrielle had to disburse six hundred francs. When he was gone, she sadly counted the twenty-three gold pieces that were left, when suddenly a thought occurred to her, which might have proved her salvation. It was to leave the house by stealth, to go to the station of the Orleans railway, and then take the first train for the house of Paul's aunt. Alas! she was content with writing, and so remained.

(To be continued. Commenced in No. 258, Jan. 4, 1879.)

THE cashier of the Royal Infirmary, Glasgow, acknowledges the receipt of the sum of £4, being a donation from "The dog Purvis." This animal, we may explain, is a brown retriever, belonging to Mr. James Ferguson, wine and spirit merchant in that city. Purvis is a wonderful dog of his kind, and he has been so thoroughly trained by his owner that he responds to orders given him either in Gaelic or English; indeed, we are told that he seems best pleased when addressed in the former language. The animal is a great favourite with all his master's customers, who delight to see him put through his performances. At the word of command he will fetch coals from the cellar, close doors, pull bell-ropes, brush boots with his paws, and when the name of Professor Blackie is mentioned he mounts a chair and sits with patience till he is decorated with a white paper choker and spectacles are placed across his nose. Purvis has always had an eye to coppers, which he has a knack of extracting from the pockets of customers when they permit him, and exchanging them for biscuits or "baps" at the nearest pastry shop. Some time ago it occurred to his master that instead of allowing him to spend his gratuities in luxuries it would be better to save up the coppers and gather a respectable sum in aid of the funds of the Royal Infirmary. A cash-box was accordingly procured, and Purvis received instructions to collect for the Infirmary. This the animal has taken delight in doing, and instead of going to the pastry shop the coppers were dropped into the box, to the infinite amusement of the donors. In this way within a brief period the coins accumulated to the sum—a handsome one in the circumstances—of £4, which Mr. Ferguson has handed over to the cashier of the institution.—*Glasgow Herald*.

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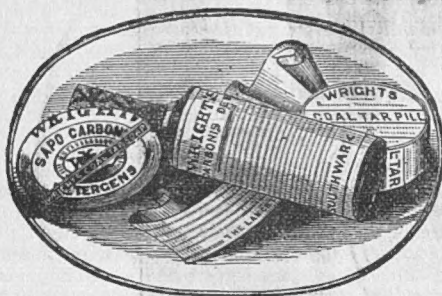
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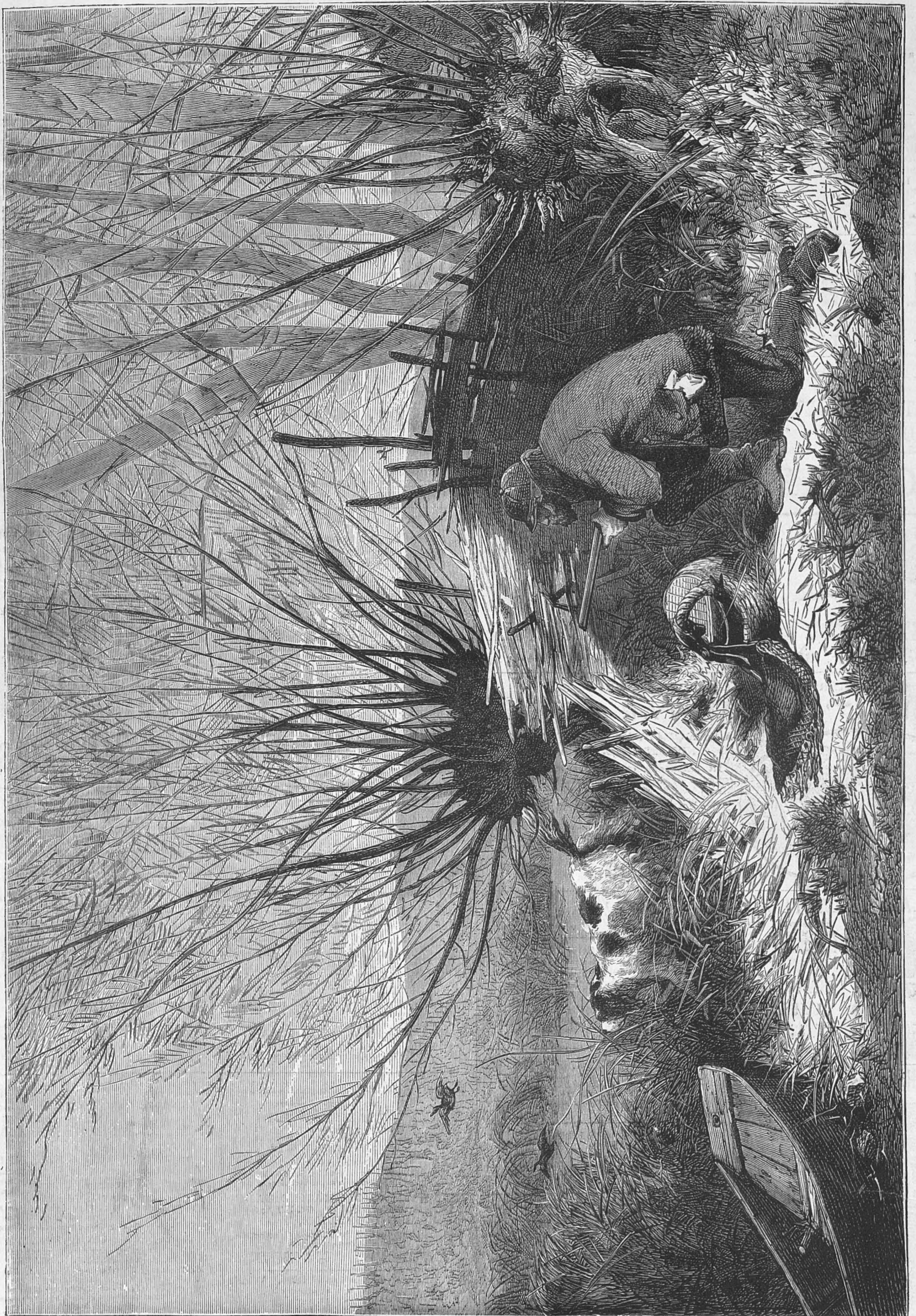
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